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Vol. 1 PERMANENT PICTURE-RECORD OF THE SECOND GREAT WAR No. 4

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

3d Weekly

Edited by
SIR JOHN HAMMERTON
Editor of 'THE WAR ILLUSTRATED' (1914-1920)
'WORLD WAR, 1914-1918,' 'I WAS THERE!' etc.

The New B.E.F. Marches Away

Jottings from My Wartime Diary

BY THE EDITOR

It's terrifying to note in your evening paper "Black Out, 7.31," and the next time you look "Black Out, 7.5." How quickly the nights are drawing in! Even so the hour for Black-Out seems to me to err on the side of earliness.

✲ "Dawn at 9 a.m." strikes me as a good idea. It might go through. It's wonderful what you can "get away with" in war-time. Summer-time is the most beneficent example, and Prohibition in U.S.A. the most unwise . . Glad to hear today that Summer-time has been extended until November 18th . . . "June in December": ah, were that only possible!

✲ The efforts of a certain Sunday paper to provide war-time "fun" for its readers is too desolatingly pathetic. The contributions from clowns of the stage and the B.B.C. were dreadfully unfunny. Wars are not won by being silly, but by being serious, or at least by trying to be serious.

✲ One good result of the black-outs is to turn our gaze to the glory of the heavens. "A beautiful clear night of stars," as R.L.S. put it, has been on view quite frequently of late. But I will make this confession, that an effort to identify the principal stars that stud the firmament at mid-September aided by a chart which I myself had compiled by an expert was not brilliantly successful. Perhaps the fault was in myself, dear Brutus, and not in the star chart!

✲ I like Macmillans' assertion that they are going to carry on publishing their books in their present premises until they are taxed out or bombed out of existence. That's the spirit! We of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED are in the same boat. And so, incidentally, are all the big newspapers, who must make virtue of necessity. You just couldn't take the mammoth organization that writes, prints, and publishes *The Daily Telegraph* in its palatial Fleet Street headquarters and move it away to some "safety zone."

✲ During the two and a half years' intensive bombing, bombarding, and sniping of Madrid a publisher friend of mine was unable to carry on publishing, but he opened two large bookshops and did enormous business. His publishing office was as near to Franco's advance lines as King's Cross is to Charing Cross . . and for two and a half years Franco's men could not advance that distance!

✲ In my first jottings I mentioned that my favourite restaurant, far-famed for its animated luncheon parties, had suddenly quietened down to a whispering few; but in a day or two, after the first shock of the War, all the old animation revived again, and the evening dinners, which had been suspended, were resumed with most encouraging results.

✲ I get very tired of the Wireless these days. After frequently listening to each broadcast from noon to midnight and hearing a depressing repetition of the not very informative bulletins from the Ministry of Information, I now content myself with the noon and nine o'clock broadcasts . . . and little enough one learns from either. I am, however, hoping for improvement in this respect, and already detect signs of it.

✲ I read through the instructions of the Censorship again tonight, and I must say that if I were, as an editor and writer, meticulously to carry out every one of them it would be impossible to print anything resembling a journal, and a waste of time to express one's opinion in writing Like the general policy of the Government . . . and the railways, let me add . . . to go the whole hog in restriction at once and then ease the burden later, the Censor tells us all we must not do and then lets us use our own judgement in breaking the impracticable regulations he has framed for us!

TO MAKE QUITE SURE that every reader gets his copy of "The War Illustrated" regularly each week you can do one thing to help.

Wood pulp, from which paper is made, comes from overseas. Ships bringing it may, unfortunately, be sunk, or available cargo space may be taken first for more urgent things, such as food. In order to avoid any wastage of paper we have had to ask newsagents to order only the exact number of "The War Illustrated" that they want from us every week, and no more. If more are ordered than are actually sold these will be a dead loss to the newsagent.

So, if you haven't already given a regular order for "The War Illustrated," will you please do so at once? Your newsagent will deliver it, or keep a copy for you each week. By giving an order you will make quite sure of your copy, and will greatly help your newsagent.

✲ The proper ideal is that every editor should be his own rigorous censor and seek to avoid the printing of anything that could conceivably help the enemy. That's what I did throughout all the years of the Great War, and am endeavouring to do again today.

✲ "War Jitters Clips Show Biz" is a heading in a New York theatrical weekly. One can at least guess at the meaning of the jargon. I look forward to another effort from the same source now that Japan and Russia have shaken hands over Manchukuo, and the sly Soviet schemers have overrun eastern Poland. That will sure make "War Jitters" in li'le ol' Noo York much more jittery.

✲ When I heard the news on the noon broadcast hat the Red Army had invaded Poland to bring "Peace" to that much-tortured land I sez to myself, sez I, "and you were the subject of pathetic laughter from a socialist friend one short month ago when you suggested the possibility of Berlin and Moscow (whose ideologies have so much in common despite the sustained lying of Hitler to the contrary) joining hands against the democracies!" It's a funny world.

✲ Russia's entirely selfish interest in "pacifying" Poland will add to the length of the war. The Soviet bosses are as keen on regaining the lost provinces of the Tsarist Empire as the Nazis on pushing their frontiers even beyond those aimed at by the Prussian Imperialists.

✲ The air raid shelters in the St. James's district are many and reassuring. A few yards from my flat is one for seven hundred persons in a magnificent seven-storey building which has just recently been completed and is still untenanted. Nothing but a direct hit would disturb those sheltering in its concrete depths.

✲ On the other hand, the cellars of my own building were condemned months ago by the Westminster surveyor as unsuitable for shelter Imagine my surprise this morning to find an official notice pasted on the wall announcing that they are now available for eight persons! Nothing whatever has been done to improve them as shelters and if the large sewer or the water main —both close by—were to be cracked, the cellars would be flooded out before you'd have time to say "von Ribbentrop"!

✲ Talking about sewers, there's going to be a lot of trouble in hitherto tranquil villages whose primitive sanitation collapses under the ill-considered influx of evacuees. . By the by, I heard somebody calling them "evacuants" the other day!

✲ I'm the owner of two charming old houses in a Downland village where there is no general drainage An ordinary cesspit serves both houses, but as about a dozen evacuees (horrid word) have been thrust upon the unfortunate tenants the suddenly increased strain on the cesspit will prove excessive, and the extra cost of clearing it will eat up most of the absurdly inadequate allowance which the householders receive for the inconvenience and expense to which they are so inconsiderately condemned.

✲ I read today about a "Prince of Novelists," a "King of Story-Tellers," and "The Greatest Living Novelist," all in two pages of the same paper! To be quite honest, these phrases made me faintly sick and made me sigh for the dear departed days of literary criticism. But in the days of war we may let them pass. They mean so little in the long run.

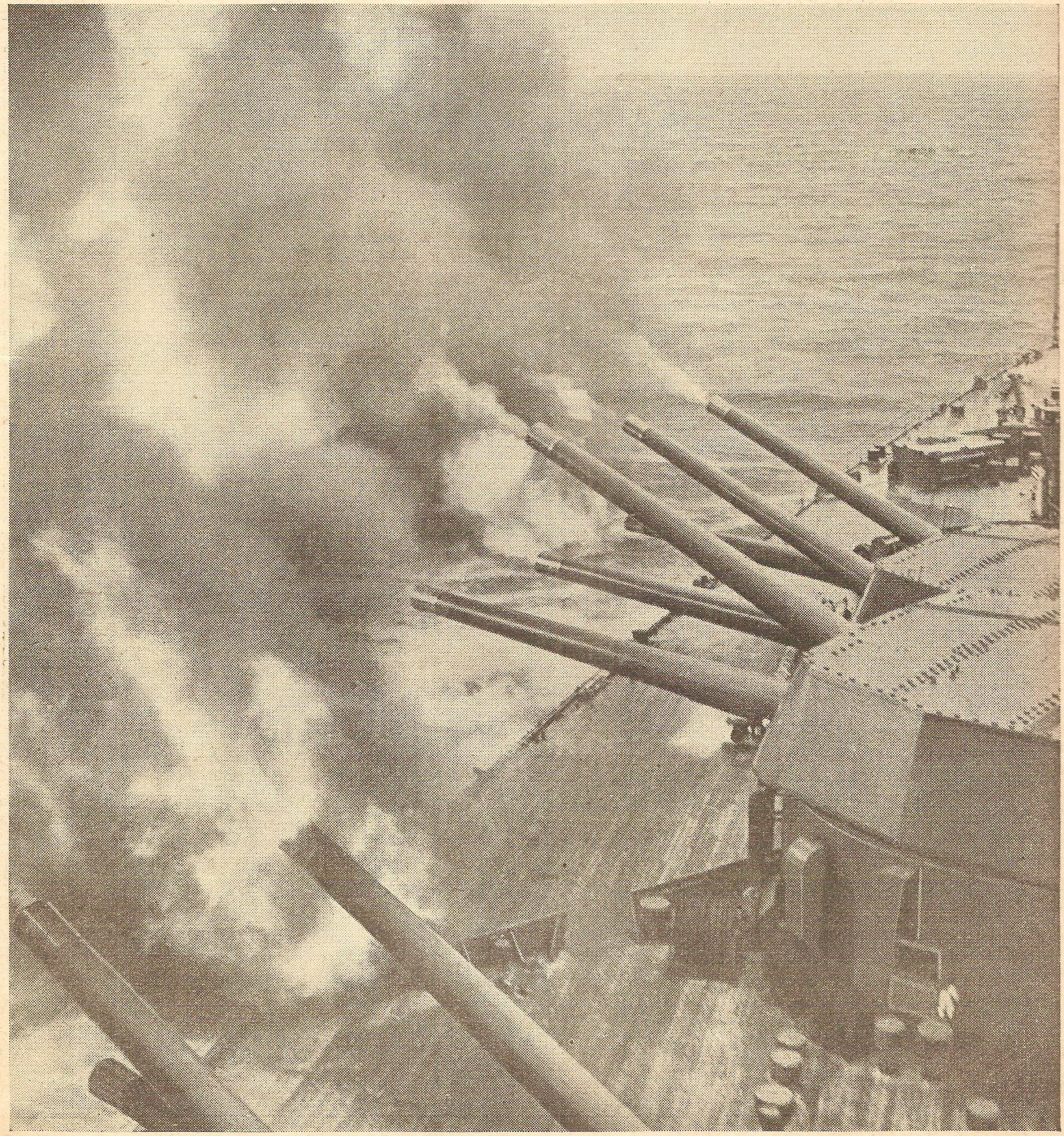
✲ "Eventually—why not now?" That used to be the slogan of a widely sold American flour. From coast to coast it was a popular theme for the smutty jokes of "drummers" (travellers)-searching for a conversational opening. Occurs to me that it would not be a bad motto for the U.S.A. today in their attitude to the Great Nazi War!

✲ An esteemed friend of mine is the leading publisher in Italy. He is a wholehearted admirer of all things English. And yet under stress of propaganda his journals are sometimes disfigured by nasty anti-English caricature. Look at the example I have clipped out here. It's not funny, merely blasphemous. And remember it's from a "neutral." Arnoldo, my friend, don't let any more of this stuff besmirch your pages! You know quite well who sank the "Athenia."

Look here, I don't mind a bit being dead, only I'd like to know who did it? . . .
"Ecco," Milan

The War Illustrated

Vol. 1 A Permanent Picture Record of the Second Great War No. 4

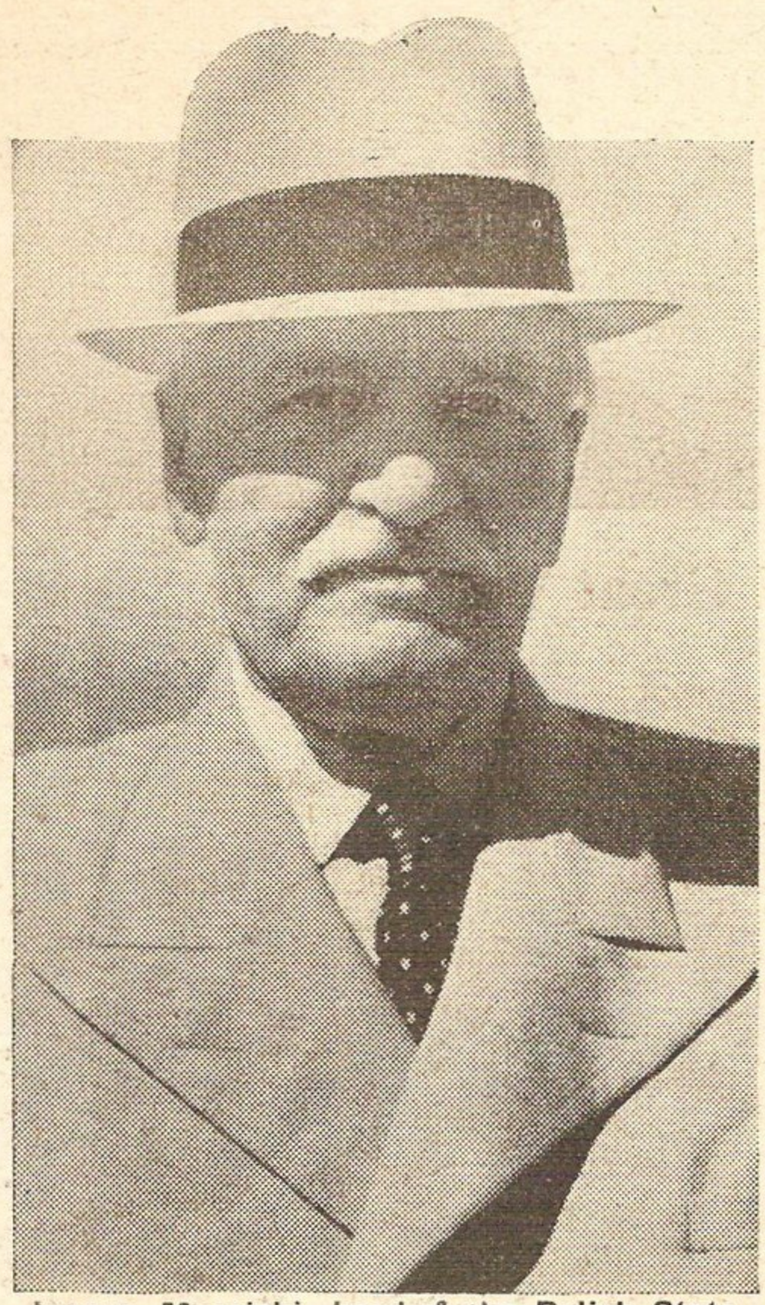


There can be nothing more awe-inspiring as a demonstration of naval might than the firing of a salvo by one of the giant battleships of the Navy of today such as is seen in this photograph. It was taken during battle practice in peacetime.

Photo, Charles E. Brown

Poland: The First Phase Ends

After fighting for nearly three weeks against tremendous odds—of numbers, equipment, and air power—the Polish armies were at last overthrown. Their collapse was rendered inevitable by the last-minute intervention of Soviet Russia.

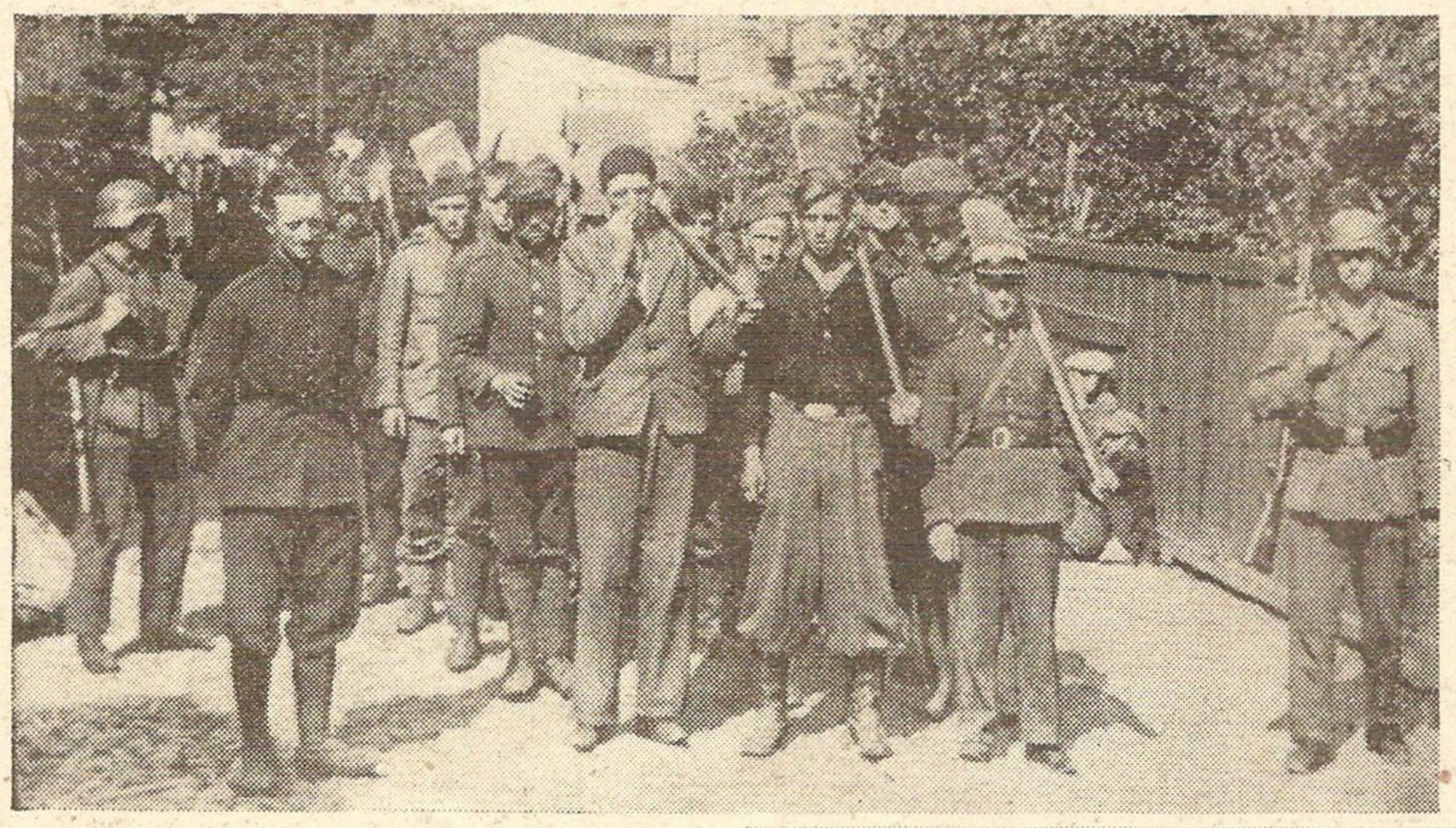


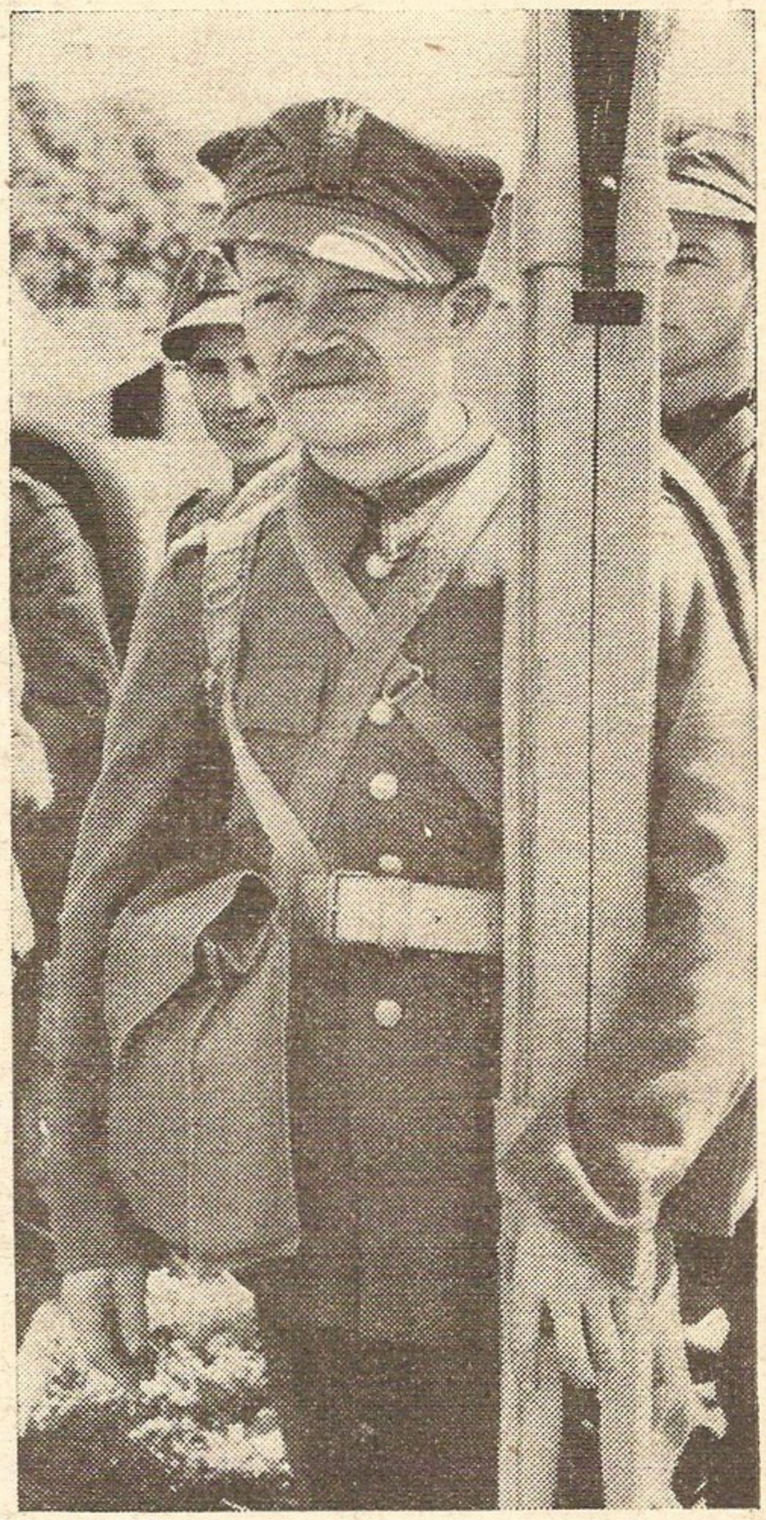
Ignace Moscicki, head of the Polish State in its darkest hours, has been President since 1926.

and resource, and it was hoped that they might be able to hold out until the coming of winter, with its concomitant, that Polish mud which crippled so effectively Napoleon's scheme of empire.

The final stroke was a stab in the back. Russia, which for some days past had been displaying an ominous interest in the fate of its blood-brothers the White Russians and Ukrainians in Poland, now decided that the moment had come to intervene. Without troubling to declare war, Stalin ordered the Red Army to advance across the frontier, and in the course of a few hours huge successes were claimed by the Moscow radio.

Warsaw, the capital, still held out despite the threats of the beleaguerers that unless it surrendered it would be treated as a military objective. To the north the fortress of Modlin kept up a spirited resistance, and it was reported that the garrisons in Brest-Litovsk and Lwow had also refused to surrender. As swiftly as the two invading armies could march—and their speed, be it remembered, was not that of foot-slogging infantry but of motorized columns—the gap between the Nazi and Soviet armies was rapidly closed. Attacked on both sides, the Polish armies continued to resist as long as possible, and particularly about Kutno, in the salient





At the end of the first two weeks of war the Germans in their invasion of Poland had occupied the whole of the western portion of the country with the exception of a small salient opposite Warsaw, and they had crossed those rivers which it had been hoped would have provided the Poles with a line of defence on which they could have dug in for the winter. The situation was obviously critical, as the Polish front gave indubitable signs of cracking; indeed, in many places it had been penetrated by the German motorized columns, who had, for instance—at least, so it was claimed by the German wireless—occupied Brest-Litovsk and Lwow, and had almost succeeded in cutting Poland's communications with Rumania.

Nevertheless, the battle did not seem to be quite lost, for the Poles were fighting with their traditional bravery

The Nazi invaders did not hesitate to impress Polish civilians into their Labour Corps. Some of them are seen centre, left. Centre, right, is a Polish stretcher-bearer. Below, Polish gunners in action against the German invaders.

Photos, Planet News, Wide World, and Keystone

Pathos and Terror of the Last Days in Warsaw

This photograph of heartrending pathos shows a Polish mother searching the ruins of her home, bombed by the Nazis, in the hope of salving a few belongings. This scene could be multiplied many hundreds of times in the three weeks of Poland's tragedy.

Photo, Fo

Top left, German prisoners taken by the Poles are at exercise in Warsaw. Centre, Nazi troops are attempting an advance in a suburb of Warsaw. Below, a group of Polish boys, inured to terrorism, look up at departing Nazi bombers. One has already been wounded.

Photos, Planet News and Associated Press

In an "appeal to the civilized world," the Lord Mayor of Warsaw, M. Starzynski, broadcast on September 19:

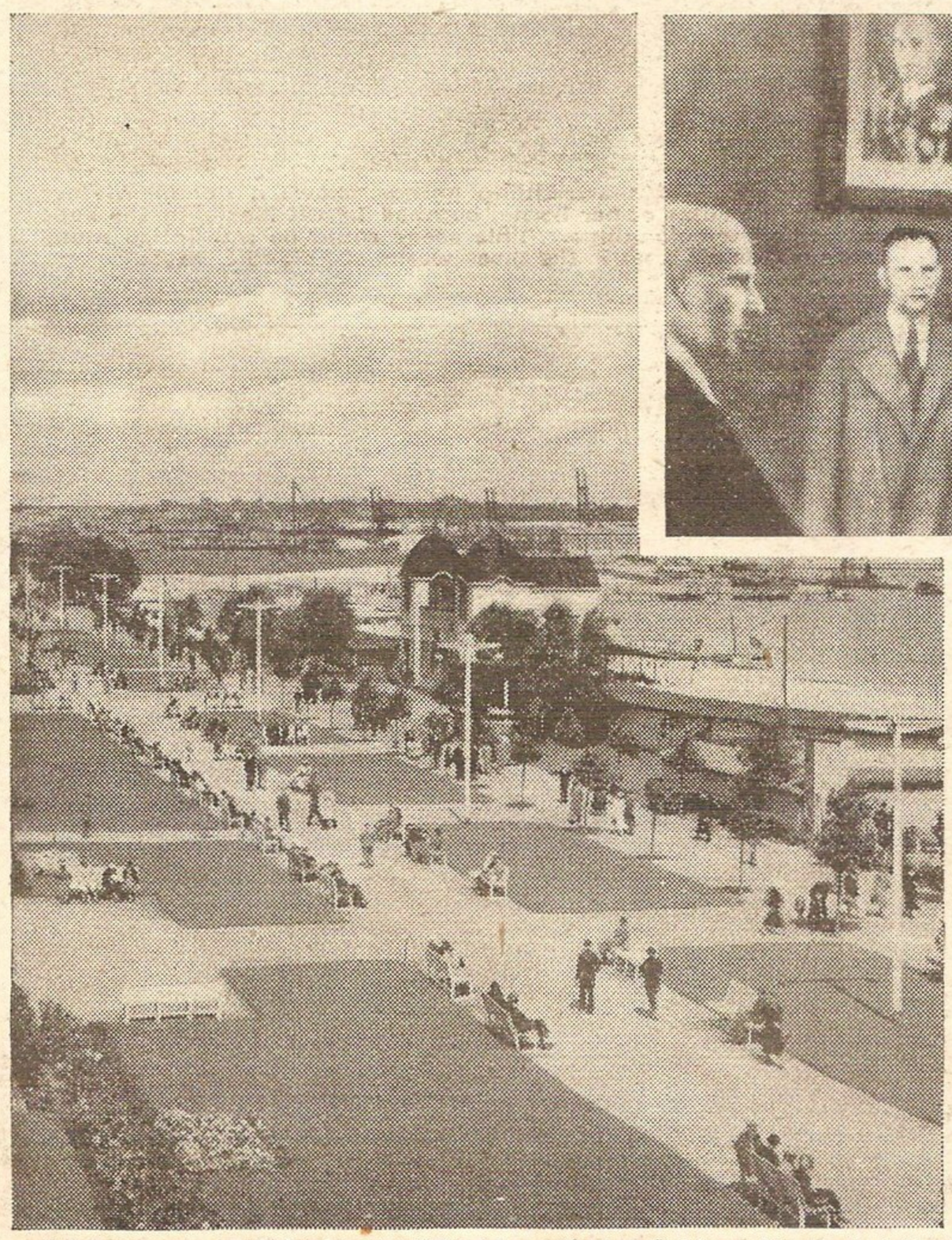
> "These Polish men, women and children are not dying in vain, but they are dying not only for the freedom of their own country, but for the freedom of Europe. We know that our friends want to help us and will help us. Our lives may be in danger now, but our souls are undisturbed. We shall fight to the last man if we have to go down fighting. We shall stand at our post imbued with holy faith in our ultimate victory even in this dark hour. The day will come . . ."

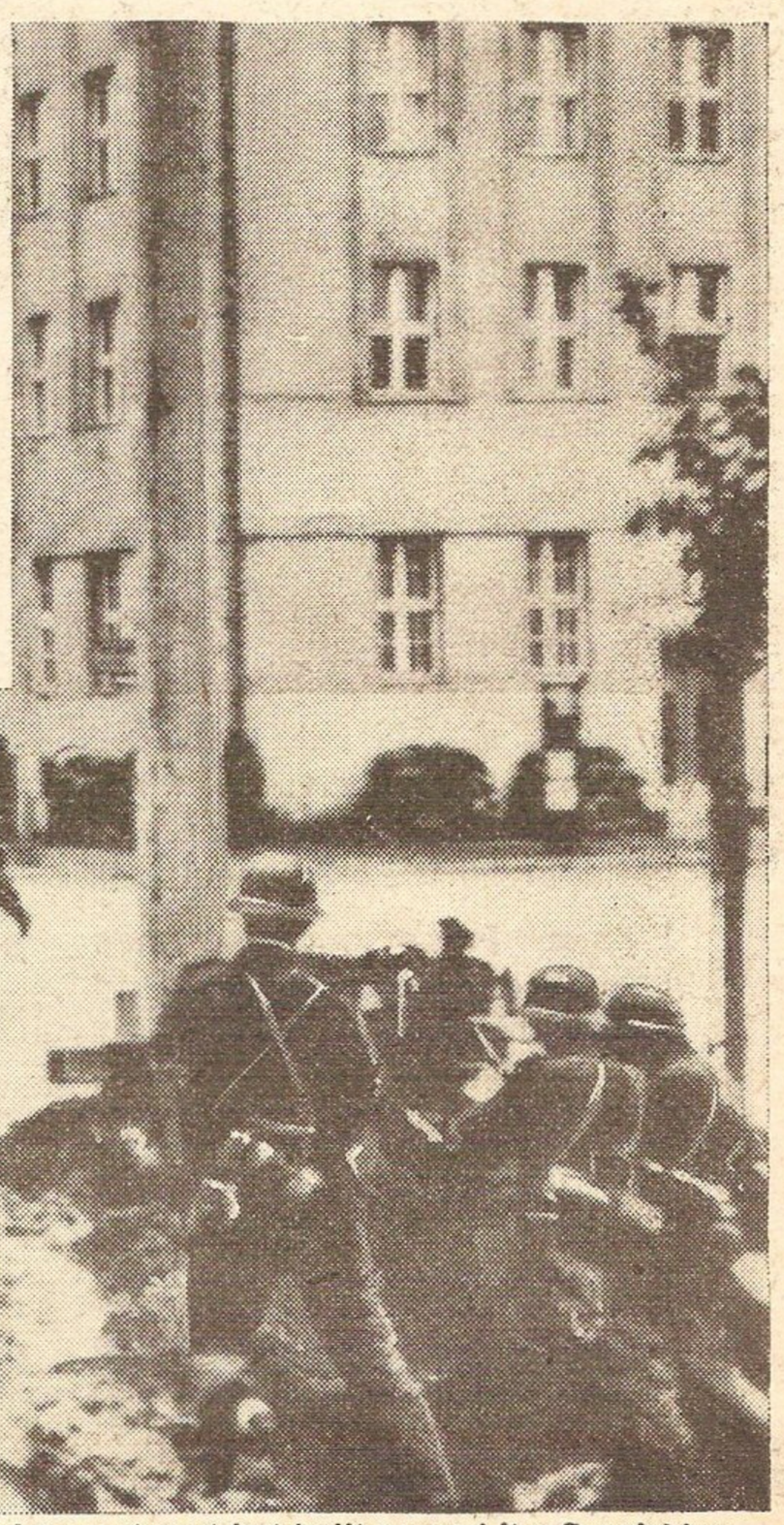
Poland, showing the line reached by the Germans on September 20, 1939. Its extreme limit is marked by the dotted line. The arrows indicate the direction of the Russian advance.

west of Warsaw, the Germans had to confess that they were engaged in "one of the greatest battles of extermination of all time." Nevertheless, the enemy were able to claim a total of over 100,000 prisoners, and the Polish casualties were also said to be extraordinarily high—owing, no doubt, to the ruthlessness with which the German armoured car and machine-gun detachments mowed down the Polish infantry.

By September 21 serious resistance in Poland had almost entirely collapsed, fighting continuing hardly anywhere but near Modlin and in Warsaw. The Germans had reached the line of Bialystok, Brest-Litovsk, Lwow and Stryz, and at Brest-Litovsk and various other places on the front Nazi and Soviet troops were actually in peaceful contact. Gdynia, after resisting for more than a fortnight, had fallen at last. In the south the troops of the Red Army continued to advance until they had occupied the whole of the Polish Ukraine, and cut Poland off from Rumania and Hungary. Until the frontier was closed a stream of Polish troops, airmen and civilians poured into Rumania, trudging along the country roads side by side with lorries, motor-ambulances, tanks, armoured cars, steam-rollers, light artillery, and bullet-marked motor-cars.

Poland, militarily speaking, was down and out. There was truth in Hitler's claim that the Polish war was over.

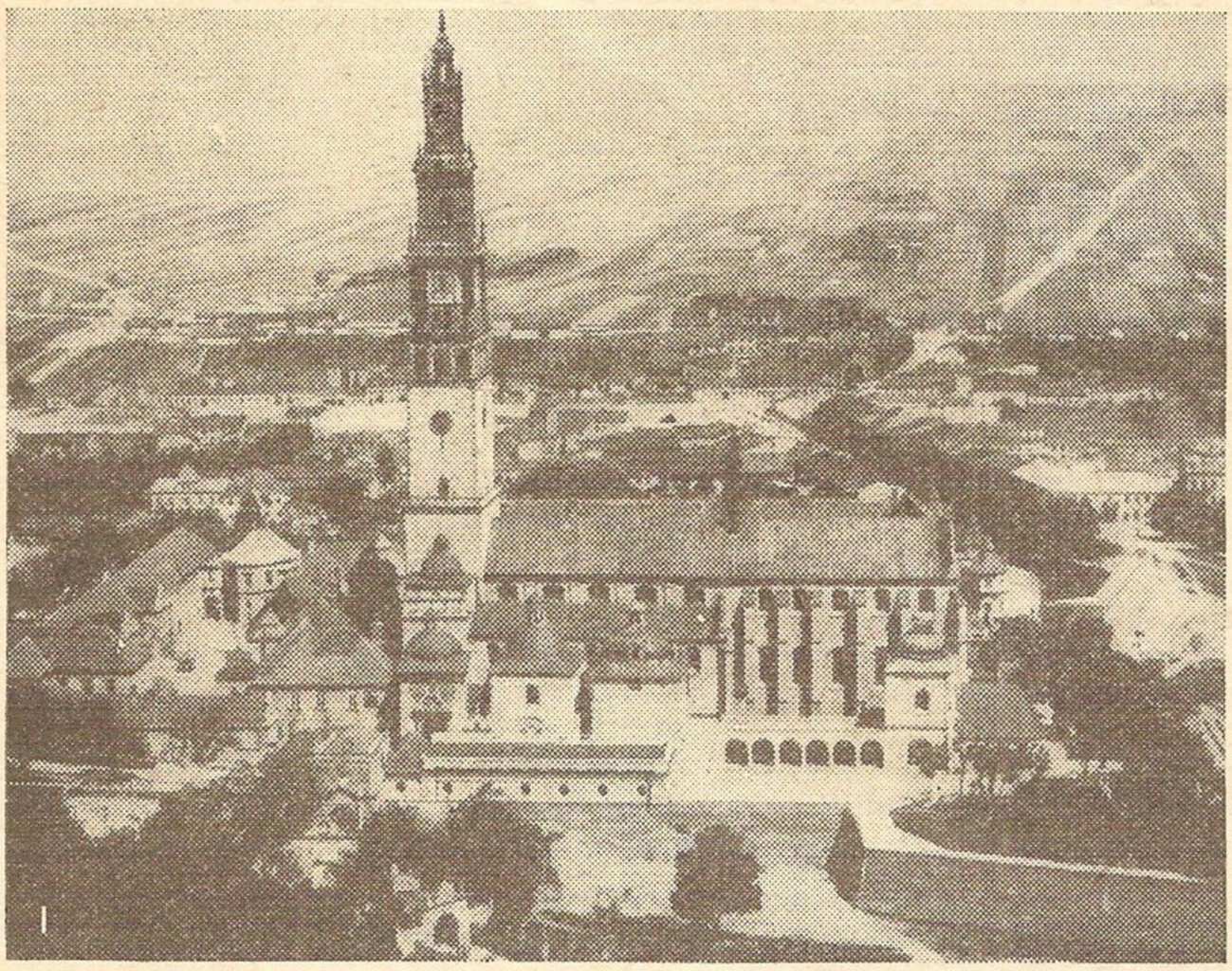




A few years ago Gdynia was little more than a fishing village, but the Poles not only constructed a great port but built around it a flourishing watering-place. Here we see the promenade in peace-time, while in the adjoining photo German troops are marching through one of the city's fine streets. Centre, is the scene of the surrender of the city on September 14 to a German general when it had been cut off from the Polish army.

Photos, Mondiale, Keystone and Associated Press

Bombs Have Battered These Open Polish Towns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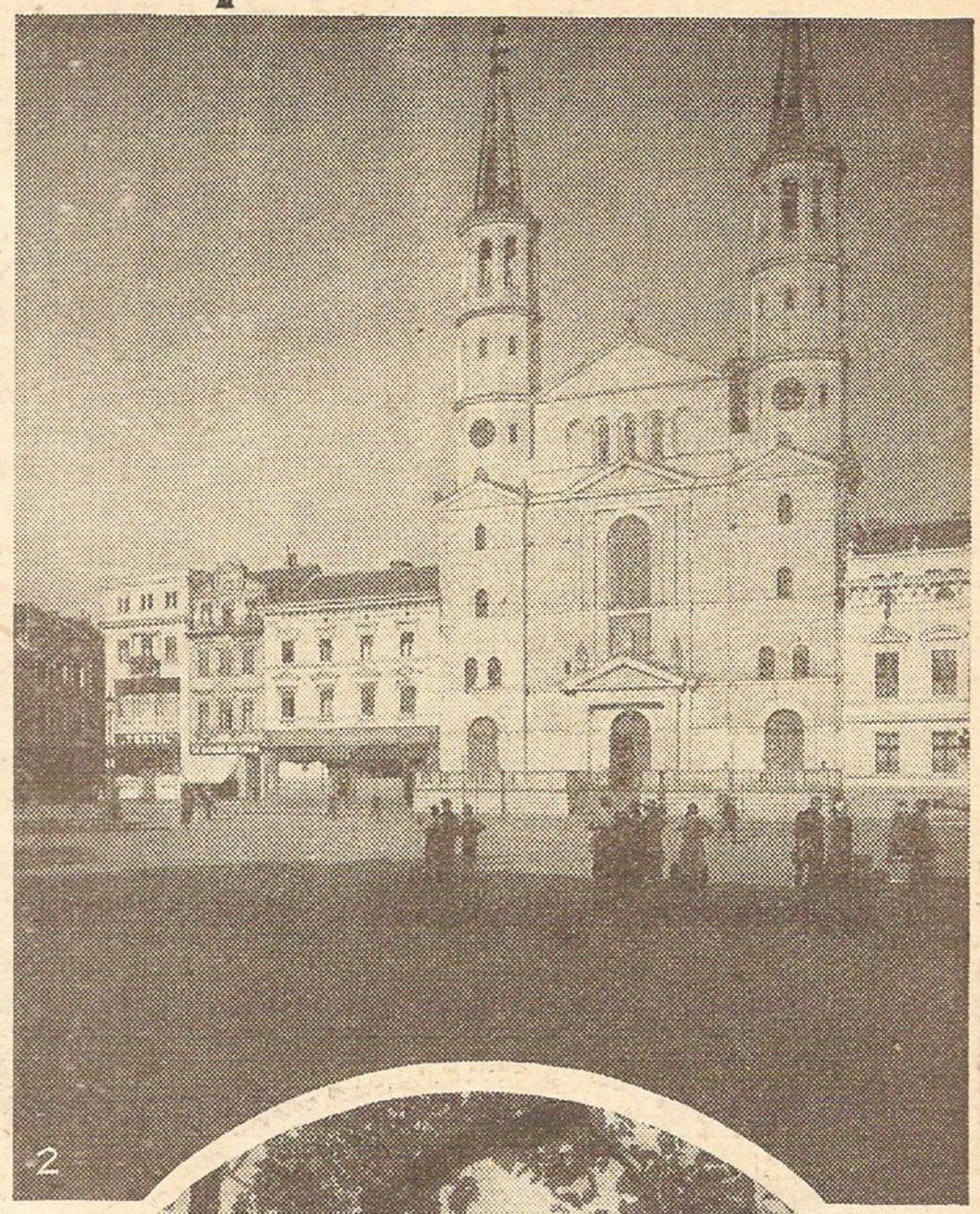
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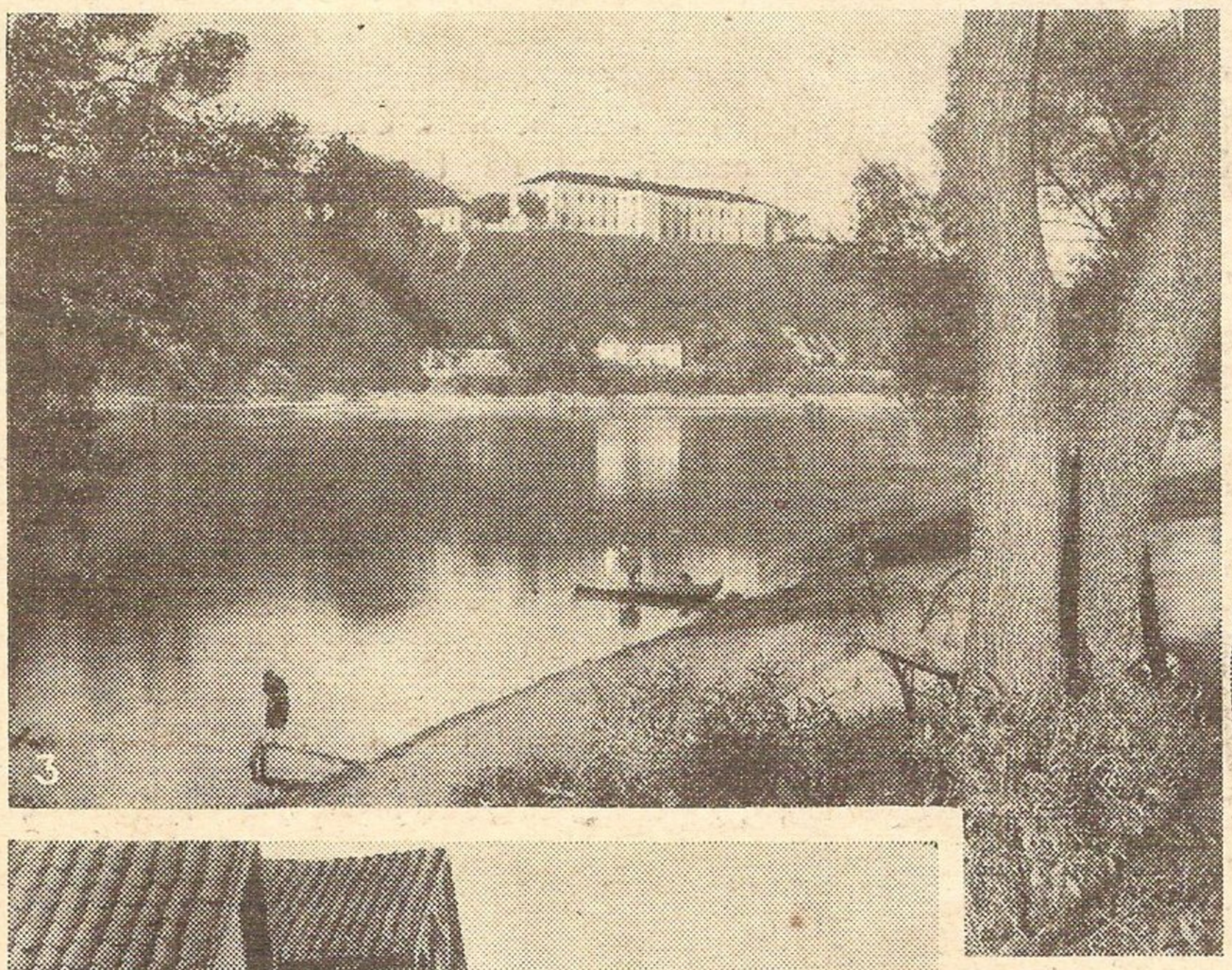
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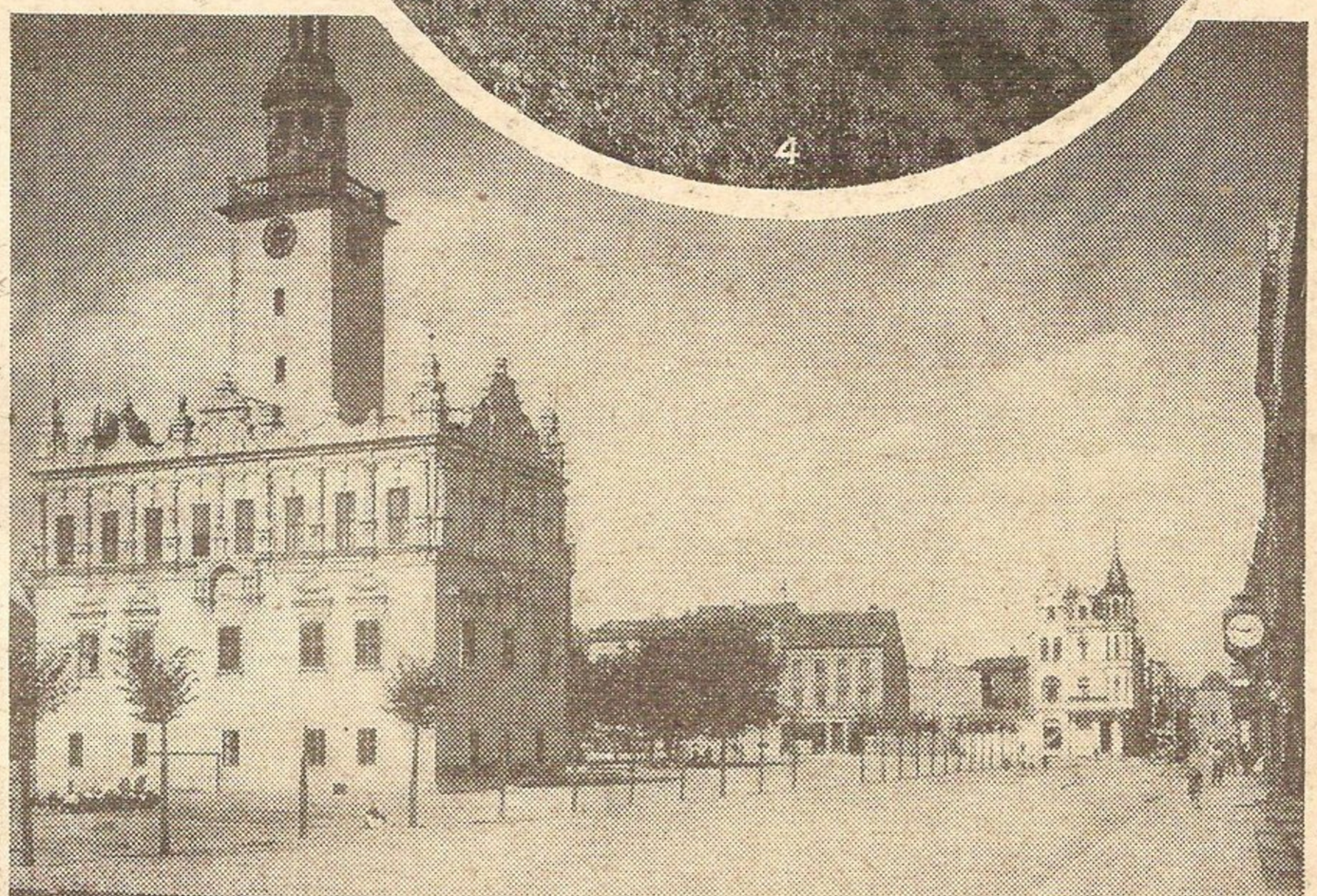
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The Polish Embassy in London stated that "up to September 3, that is, the day on which Great Britain and France found themselves at war with Germany, 30 open cities and towns had been bombed." Here are views of six of them as they were in peacetime. (1) The great monastery church in Czestochowa, now destroyed. (2) The market square in Bydgoszcz. (3) The castle at Grodno from the Niemen. (4) The ancient church at Grudziadz. (5) A street in the old town of Bialystok. (6) The town hall and market square at Chelmno

Photos, E.N.A.

Poland Has Died Before—To Rise Again

Flushed with victory, the Nazi warlords and their Soviet abettors in the rape of Poland have partitioned their prey, just as did the imperialist robbers of a century and a half ago. But the pages of history give us reason to believe that the crime of 1939 will be no more successful than that of 1795.

No country in Europe has suffered, and survived, so many surgical operations of the most drastic description as Poland. Hardly had she emerged from the mists which shroud her origin, when she suffered her first partition into a number of small principalities. During the Middle Ages, however, Poland recovered her unity, and, allied with Lithuania, became one of the great States of the Continent—for centuries, indeed, she was a bulwark of western civilization against the inroads of the Tartars, the Turks, and the Muscovites.

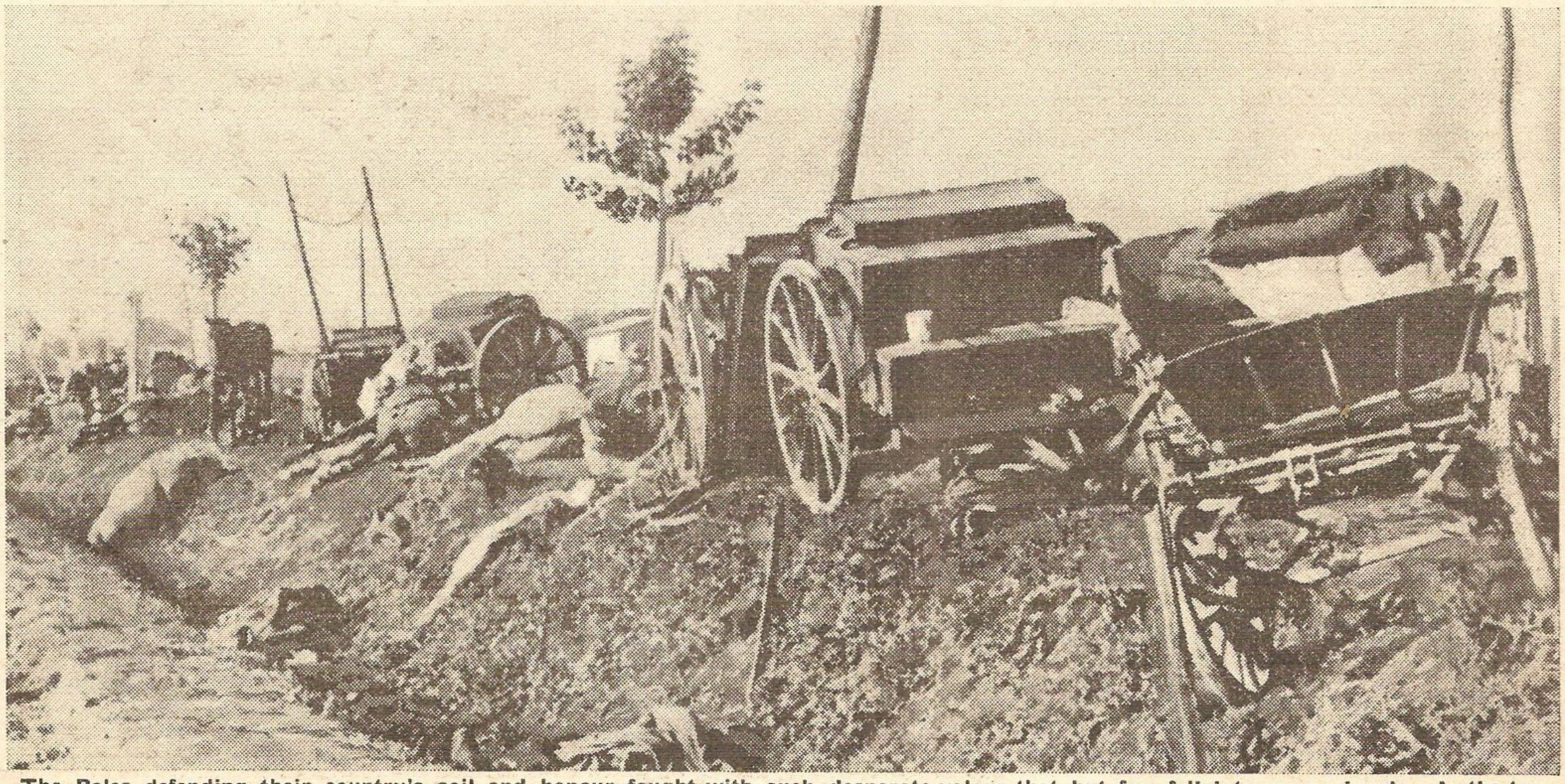
With the dawn of the modern age, however, a period of decline set in for Poland. Her system of elective monarchy led to the interference in her internal affairs by outside States, and her parliamentary government was rendered useless by the fact that in the Diet every decision had to be by unanimous vote! In the 18th century Poland's weakness became apparent to the world, and in due course she became the prey of the three neighbouring States.

It was in 1772 that Prussia, Russia, and Austria made what is called in history the First Partition of Poland. By this act of international brigandage Poland was deprived of about one-fifth of her population and one-fourth of her territory.

Twenty-one years later the Second Partition of Poland reduced the state to about one-third of its original dimensions. In vain the Poles under Poniatowski and Kosciusko resisted the troops of Prussia and Russia sent to seize the spoil, and in 1795 the Third Partition wiped Poland from the map altogether.

During the Napoleonic Age a Grand Duchy of Warsaw was created, chiefly out of the Prussian share of Poland, but this was suppressed in 1815 by the Congress of Vienna. Posen was then left to Prussia; Austria retained Galicia; the eastern borderlands were incorporated with Russia, and Central Poland was constituted as the so-called Congress kingdom under the Tsar of Russia as King of Poland.

Following an unsuccessful military revolt in Warsaw in 1830, the Tsarist regime began the systematic Russification of Poland. This was intensified after a second rising, equally unsuccessful, in 1863. All self-government in Congress Poland was suppressed; a rigorous censorship was maintained; and the whole system of education was Russified with a view to destroying the Poles' sense of nationality and even rendering the use of their language obsolete. Readers of Madame Curie's life will remember



The Poles defending their country's soil and honour fought with such desperate valour that but few fell into enemy hands. In the top photograph Polish prisoners are seen in a "cage" to which they have been marched immediately after capture. In the lower photograph are the broken remains of a Polish transport column caught by enemy artillery and completely wrecked.

Photos, Central Press

Top left, Poland as it was before the Great War—partly German, partly Russian, and partly Austrian. Lower left, Poland as it was after the Treaty of Versailles, with the boundaries marked by the "Curzon Line" of 1920. Right, the new partition arranged this year by Hitler and Stalin, as announced in a joint communiqué issued on September 22, by Germany and Russia.

that it was under these conditions that she spent her early years in Warsaw. In Prussian and Austrian Poland the repression was not so severe, but every effort was made to damp Polish national feeling.

For a hundred years and more Poland was a mere geographical expression. Nevertheless, the spirit of her people was kept alive by the passionate propaganda of the Polish writers and artists, by revolutionaries, and by the heroes of the ill-starred insurrectionary movements.

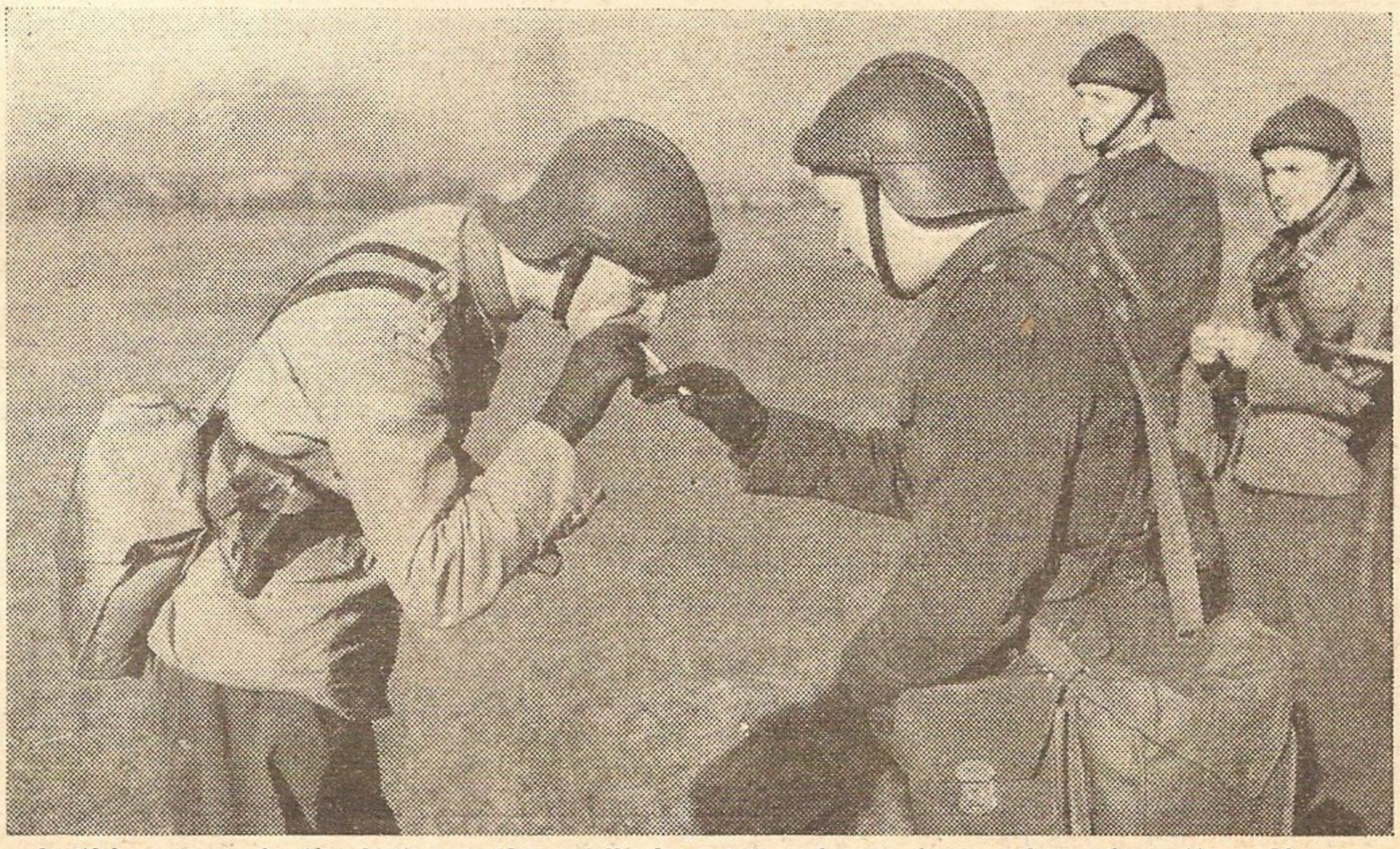
Then came the Great War, during which Poland was the battleground of the eastern front. In 1916 Germany and Austria-Hungary held out the prospect of the restoration of an independent Poland, and in 1917 the new Russian government promised to set about the creation of a new Polish State. Already President Wilson, in his peace message of January 22, 1917, had referred to a "united, independent and autonomous Poland"—a peace aim of the Allies.

In October, 1918, a free and united Poland was proclaimed; and on November 11—our Armistice Day—the Poles set up an independent government in Warsaw, with Pilsudski as its head.

By the Treaty of Versailles of 1919 the complete independence of Poland was recognized. But the question of the boundaries of the new State required years for its solution. Particularly difficult was the determination of the boundary with Russia. The Curzon Line of December 8. 1919—so-named after Marquess Curzon, Britain's Foreign Secretary at the time—attempted to make Poland's eastern frontier coincide with the ethnographical frontier, but in the following year Poland carried it far to the east when she invaded Russia and captured Kiev. Then the Soviet army rallied, and the Poles were driven back to the gates of Warsaw. The counter-offensive under Pilsudski reversed the situation again, and the new eastern frontier of Poland was drawn so as to correspond roughly with the frontier left after the Second Partition in 1793.

With minor modifications Poland's boundaries then remained as they had been settled by the treaty-makers in the early post-war years. Then, in 1939, Germany and Russia, the heirs of the partitioning powers of the 18th century, decided upon a fourth partition of Poland.

But just as surely as Poland was restored to the company of nations in 1919, so we may well believe that in good time she will have a glorious resurrection from the martyr's grave into which she has been thrown by the brutal aggression of her traditional foes.



In this war, as in the last one, the soldier's most welcome luxury is a cigarette. Here a Polish soldier gives a light to a comrade from his own "fag," for matches as well as tobacco have to be carefully husbanded in wartime.

Britain Won't Go Hungry in this War

On land bordering a L.P.T.B. railway track an employee tends a giant cabbage.

THERE was an immediate response to the Government's appeal to farmers and gardeners to produce more food. The Women's Land Army got to work without delay in the first days of the war. Children evacuated to the country did any job on the farms for which they were suitable, from garnering potatoes in one place to helping to exterminate a plague of caterpillars in another. All the delays connected with food supplies in the early days were caused by transport difficulties and not by any food shortage; and though ration cards were announced these were only to ensure equality of distribution and the prevention of waste.

These recruits for the Women's Land Army are undergoing training in farm work at an agricultural college in Sussex.

The Government's resolve to prepare for a three years' war has necessitated modifications in food distribution as well as intensive efforts to increase production. Centre, left, is one of the temporary centres of fish supply in a country town just outside London. In the photograph below evacuated children are helping with the gathering of the potato crop. Their gas masks are handy.

Photos, Fox and Topical

Women Take Over in Paris and London

This woman conductor shows herself efficient on the Paris Metro. Right are some of the first women bus conductors going on duty at Manchester.

Unusual occupations come to women in wartime. Here a smart young lady has replaced a butcher in a shop at Kingston-on-Thames, while below a woman has taken on her husband's job as a baker's roundsman.

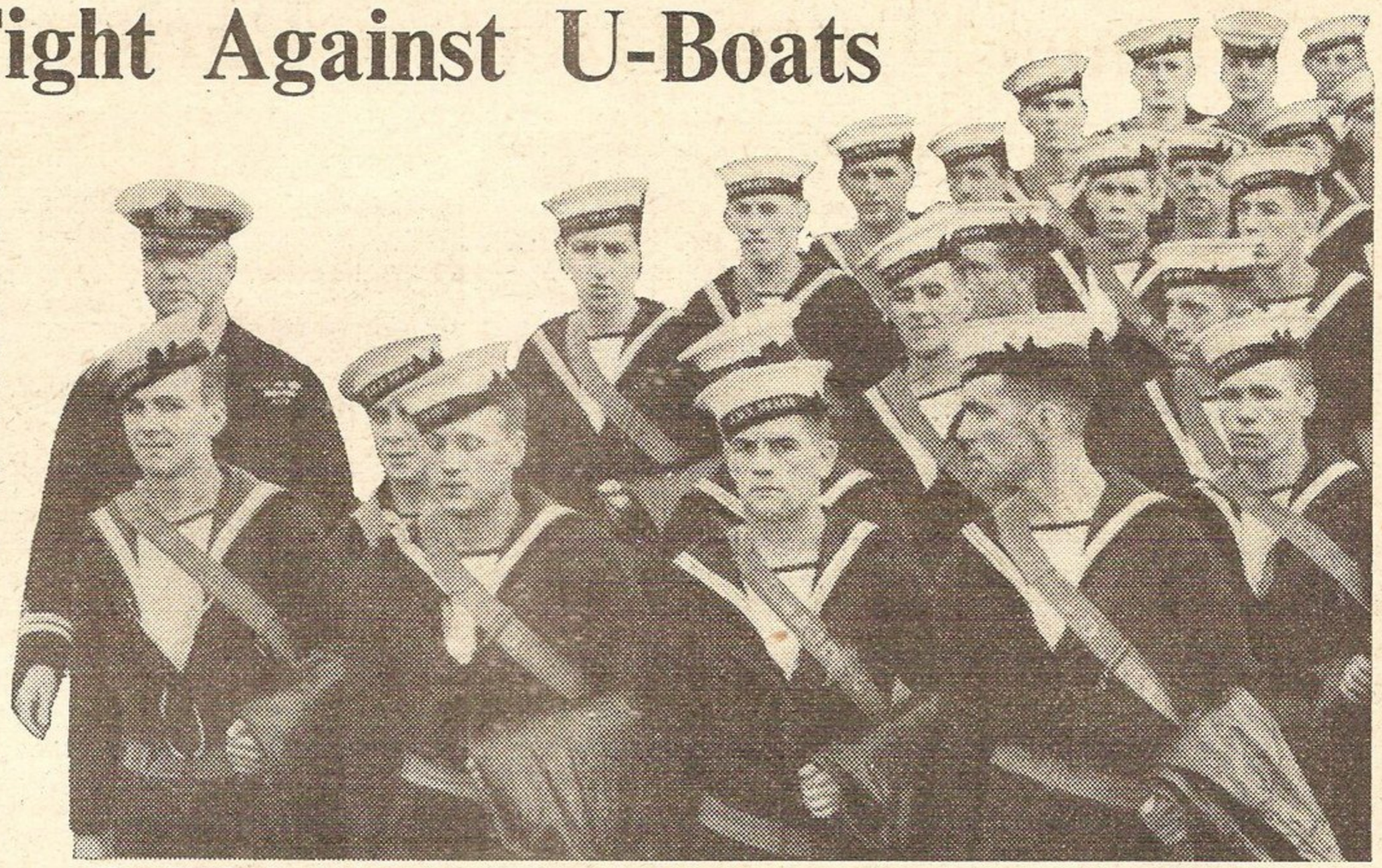
In the last war the women of all the Allied—and enemy—countries proved that when their menfolk went to war there was hardly a man's job that they could not do, and do well. This time the response of the women has been equally fine. In France, where, when general mobilization is ordered, the vast majority of Frenchmen are called to the colours, women are soon required to do their part. Obviously in Great Britain, where the calling up of men proceeds more slowly, the mobilization of "woman power" is slower, but, as Queen Mary's message of appreciation to her countrywomen showed, every call to British womanhood to help has been abundantly met so far, and it will be to the end.

In Paris women roadsweepers have already made their appearance, and with their besom brooms make a clean sweep of the streets.

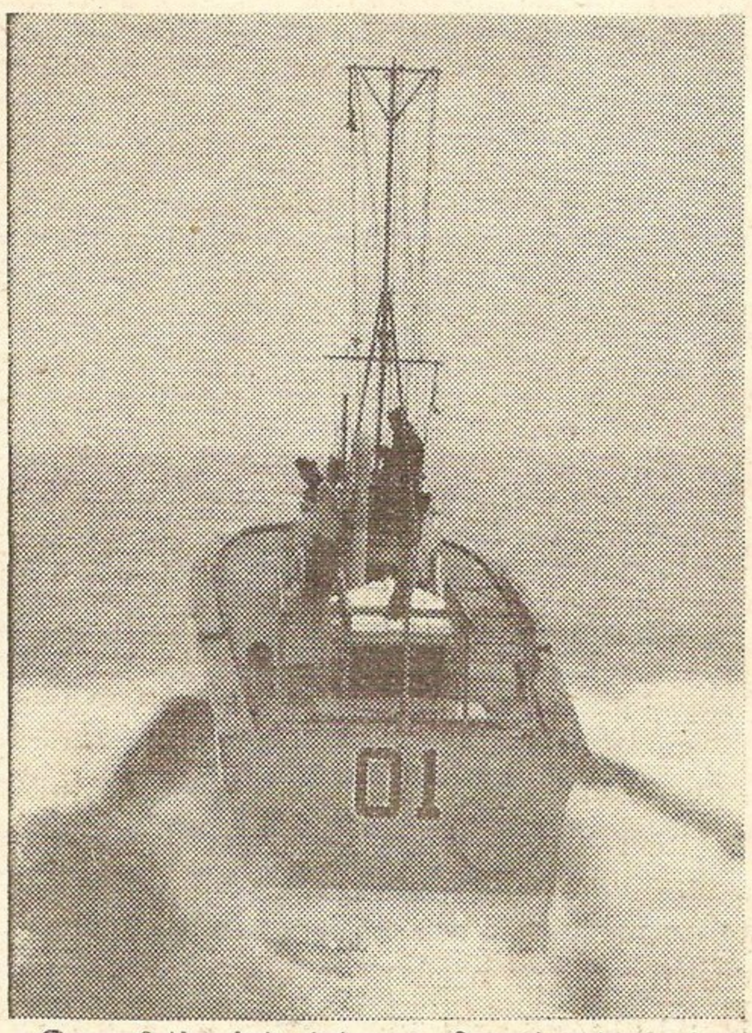
Photos, L.N.A., Topical & Keystone

Winning the Fight Against U-Boats

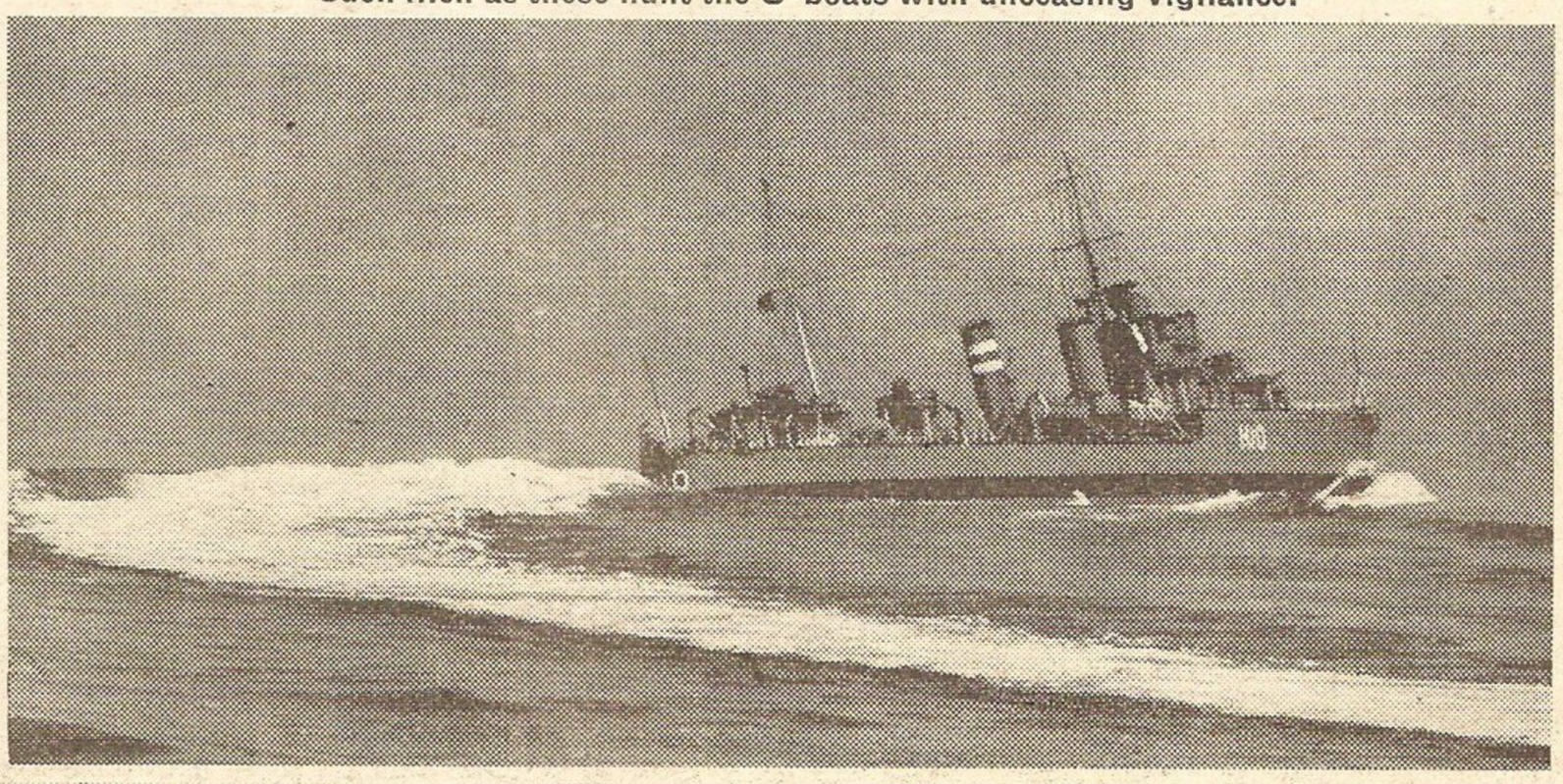
SINCE the last war the means of dealing with the submarine menace have been greatly improved and new devices for locating them, undreamed of in 1918, are now available. The brunt of the anti-submarine warfare falls upon the destroyers, a class of ship originally developed to deal with a type of now obsolete torpedo boats, and therefore known as "torpedo boat destroyers." They have now earned the proud distinction of being U-boat destroyers.

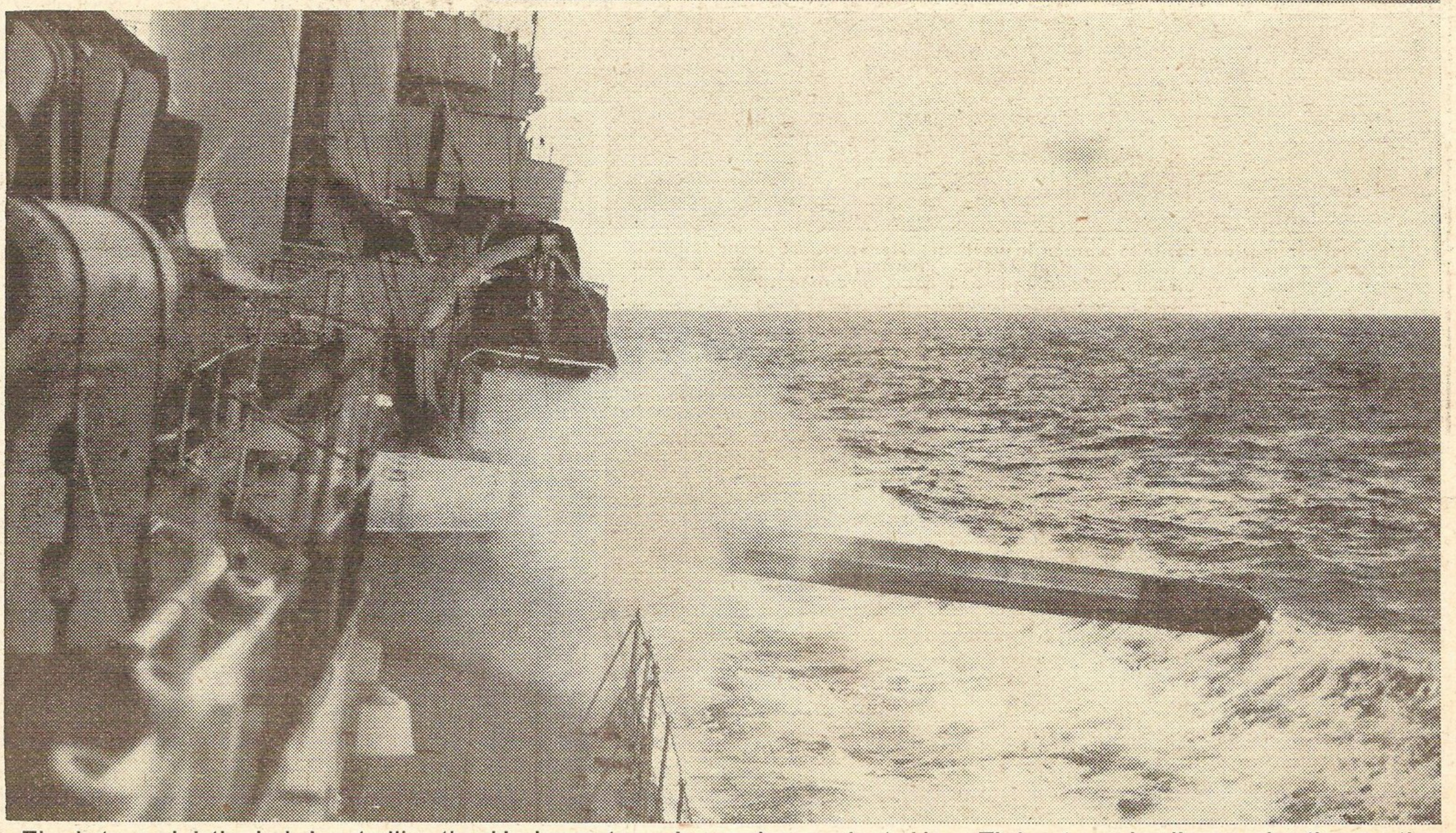


The fine body of men above are young sailors marching to take up their wartime duties. Such men as these hunt the U-boats with unceasing vigilance.



One of the latest types of motor torpedo boats developed since the last war.

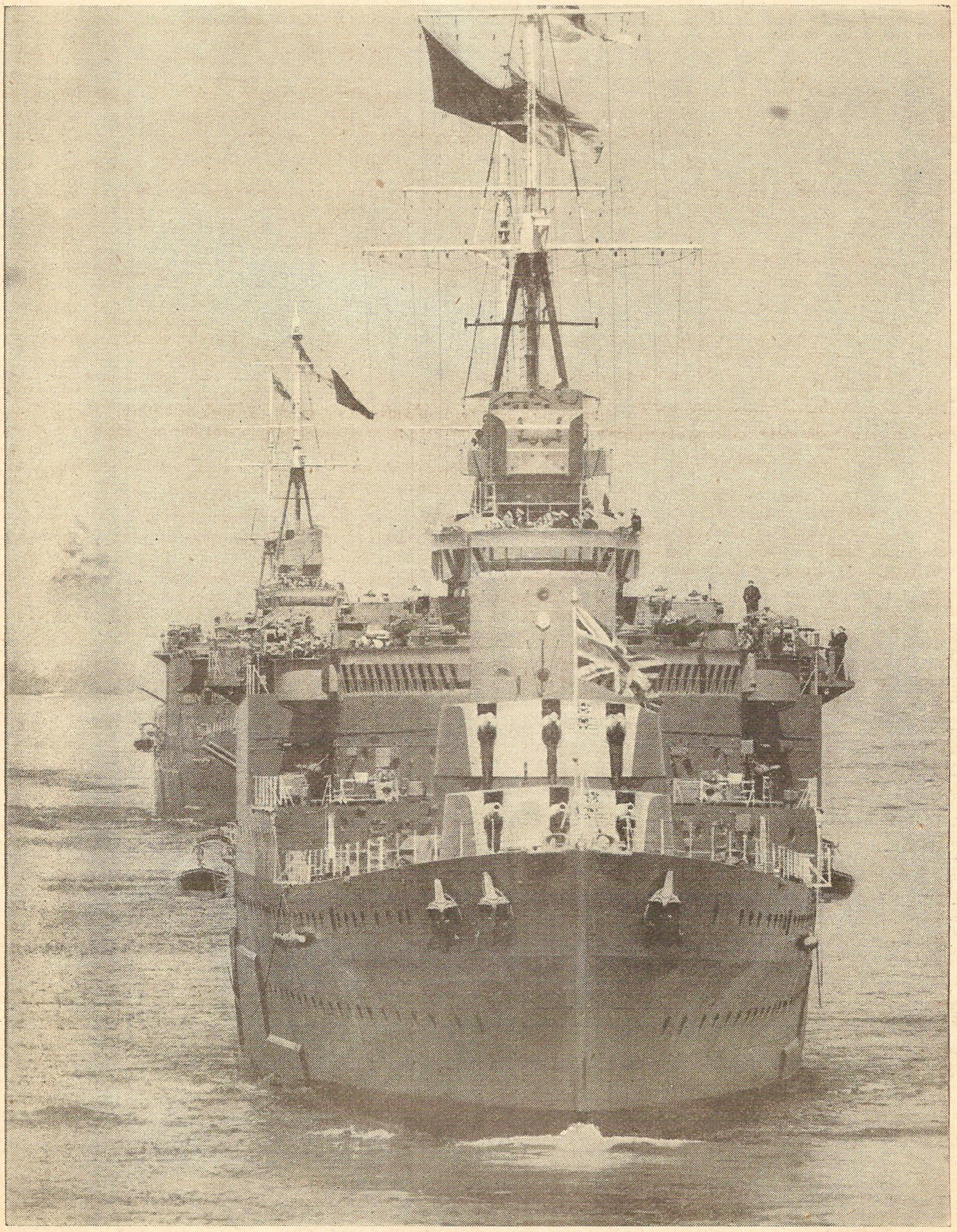




The destroyers' duties include patrolling the shipping routes and convoying merchant ships. Their extreme handiness makes them particularly valuable for this work, and above, right, a destroyer is making a complete turn in little more than its own length. Above, one of Britain's destroyers is firing an above-water torpedo during practice. The newer destroyers of the Roval Navy are both larger and more heavily armed than earlier types.

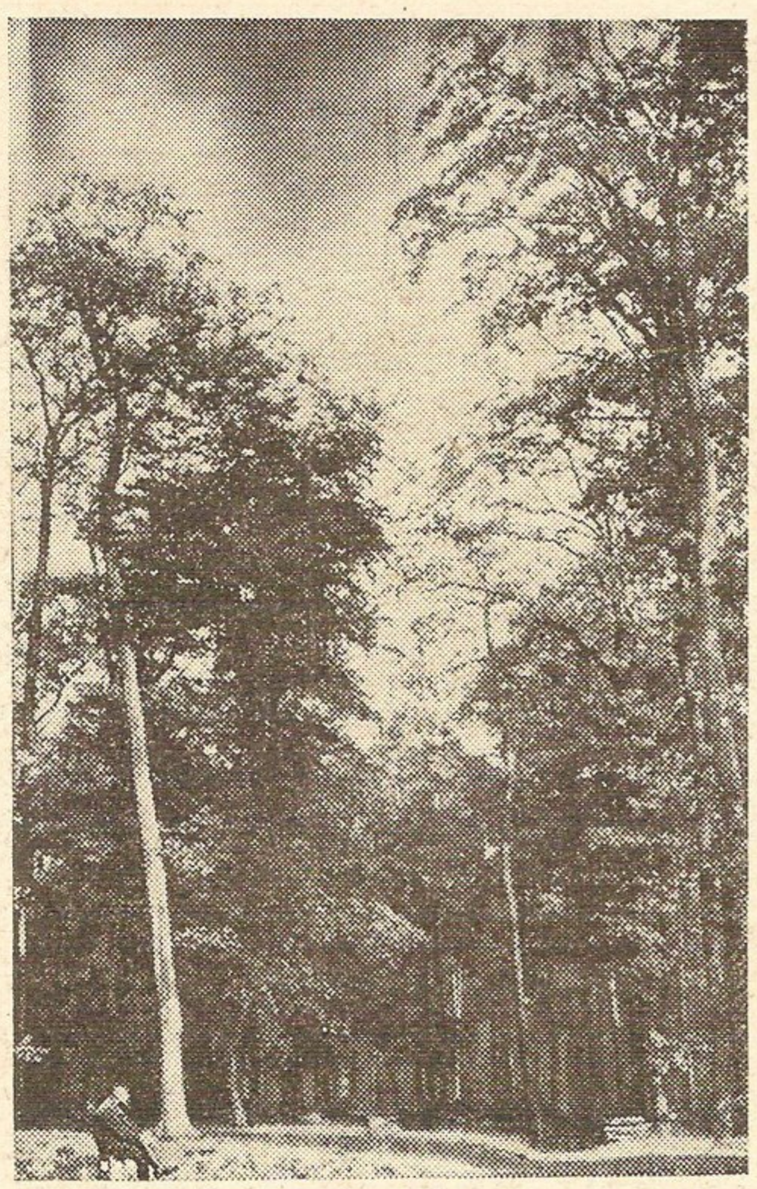
Photos, Charles E. Brown, Fox and Keystone

Floating Strongholds of British Sea Power



Though the battleships and battle cruisers of today may lack the picturesqueness that characterized the men-of-war of long ago, there could not be a more impressive embodiment of sea power than they present. Here some of the most modern ships of the Royal Navy are seen lying stem to stern. The turrets with the great superstructure above make them appear, as they are, veritable towers of strength.

Photo, Keystone



A part of the Forest of Warndt, near Saarbruecken, in which the first French successes were secured.

Photo, L.N.A.

The New Watch on the Rhine

For the third week in succession the French and German communiqués were agreed on the fact that there had been no fighting on the grand scale on the Western Front. But the artillery and other preparations for the decisive day of battle went on.

In the opening stage of the war all eyes were turned on Poland, where the German military machine was engaged in *Blitz-Krieg*—lightning war—with a view to ending as soon as possible, and with not the least regard for what may be called the decencies of warfare, the resistance of the Polish army and people. Meanwhile, on the Western Front there was little to report—at least, very little was reported. On each side of the frontier between Germany and France was mobilized an army of several millions of men, occupying a defensive position which, though called a "line," is really a huge fortified area many miles in depth.

For a week or two the Paris communiqués let it be understood that the French troops were advancing in the most careful and methodical manner across the no-man's-land between the Maginot and Siegfried lines. Their progress had in it nothing that was spectacular; it was just a grim process of mopping-up machine-gun positions, destroying tank traps, and wiping out the forward positions of the Nazi infantry.

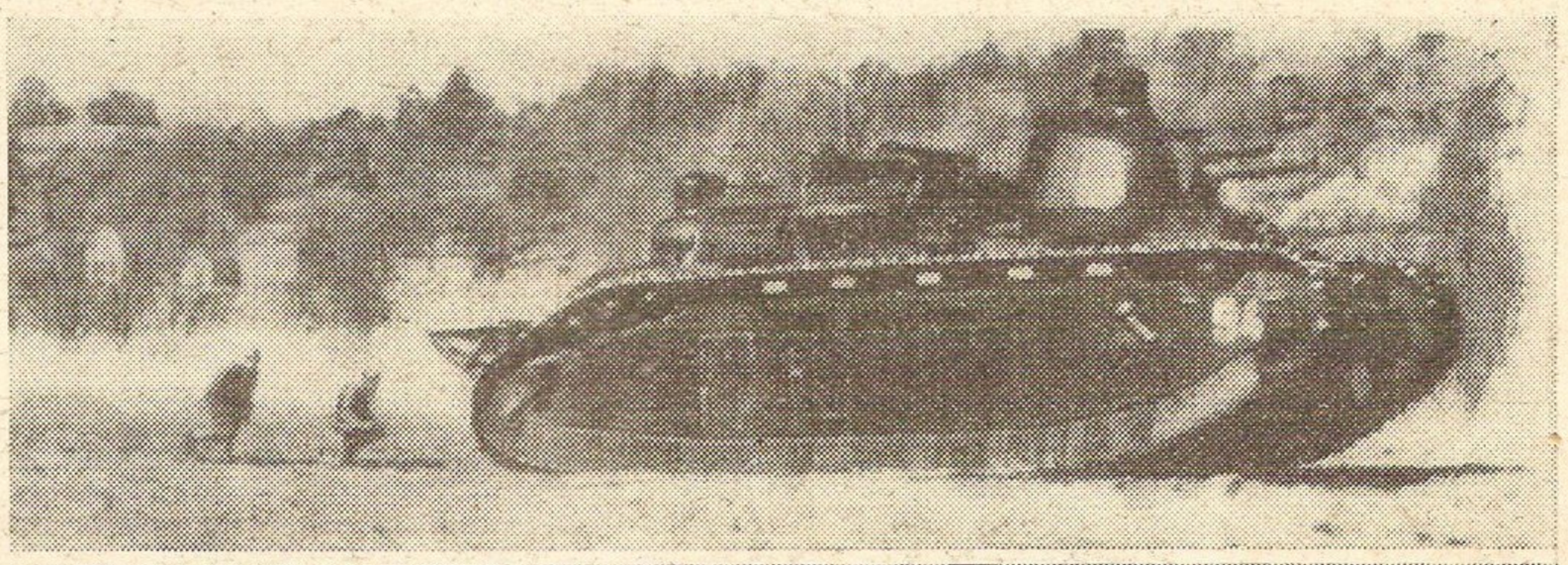
By the middle of the third week of the war the communiqués had become even less revealing, and there were many who felt that either the press censorship was operating far too severely, or else the Allied commanders were taking an unconscionable time in getting to grips with the enemy.

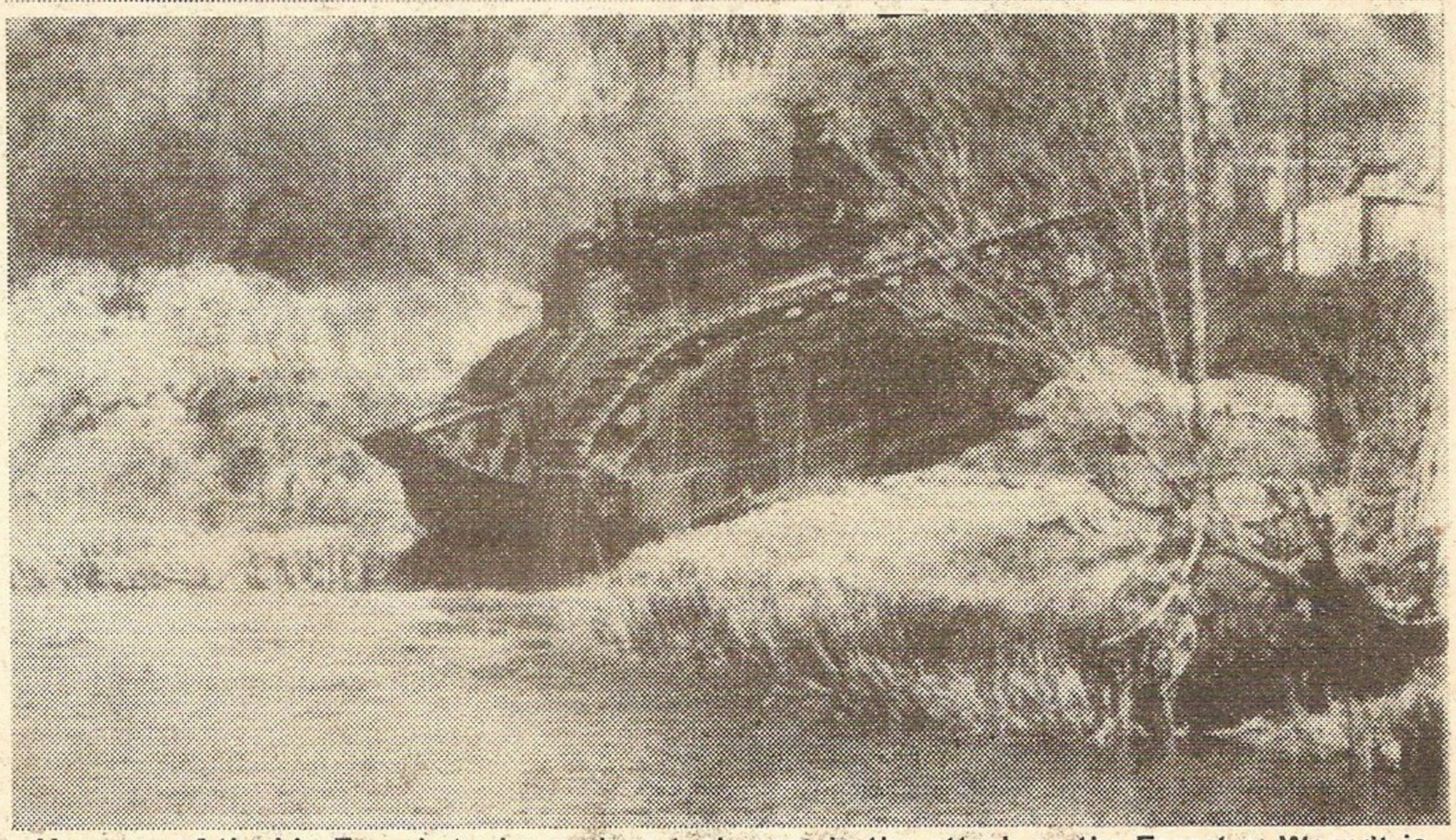
Such views, however, were short-sighted, to say the least. All who had any real knowledge of the fortified systems on the Western Front knew full well that the first phase of the war must necessarily be one of slow consolidation of quite minor gains.

But though there was little in the French approach to make a good newspaper story, the army was playing a very definite part in preparing the way for victory. Far behind the German lines the roads and railways were plastered by the French artillery, and the concentrations of troops—including those brought in haste from the Polish front—were subjected to aerial bombing. Then, over the whole front of nearly a hundred miles from the Moselle to the Rhine, the Nazi High Command was held on tenterhooks wondering where the next blow in the Allied attack might fall. The German troops were kept hard at it marching here and there, and digging trenches behind the line; the German population was evacuated from many a village and town in the war zone, and the news they had to carry back to the interior of Germany can hardly have contributed to the support of the home front; aerial reconnaissances above the German lines caused the defending air force to take the air and so use up in futile manoeuvring much of its petrol; in the artillery duels, too, a considerable quantity of the Nazi stores of big gun ammunition must have been expended in an altogether futile fashion.

In other words, Gamelin was engaged in a military blockade of Germany. Just as the British Navy was preventing Germany from receiving the contraband of war, so on shore the French tactics resulted in considerable inroads being made into the German stocks of petrol, oil, metals and explosives—all war material which, as the struggle wore on, Germany must find it increasingly difficult to replace. It was a French general who made a broadcast statement on September 19 to the effect that for the Allies to seek a quick (and costly) decision on the West would be a profound mistake.

Meanwhile, millions of men waited on the event. There was such a watch on the Rhine as had never been kept before in all the ages of history. Perhaps the most illuminating commentary on the situation was the report that Strasbourg, the beautiful capital of Alsace, had been abandoned by all but a thousand of its normal 200,000 inhabitants; and that, at night, through the city's silent and empty streets, there was no movement save that of the French patrols, who, every now and again, broke the silence with their rifles as they dispatched a stray cat or a dog which had been abandoned by a careless owner to its fate.

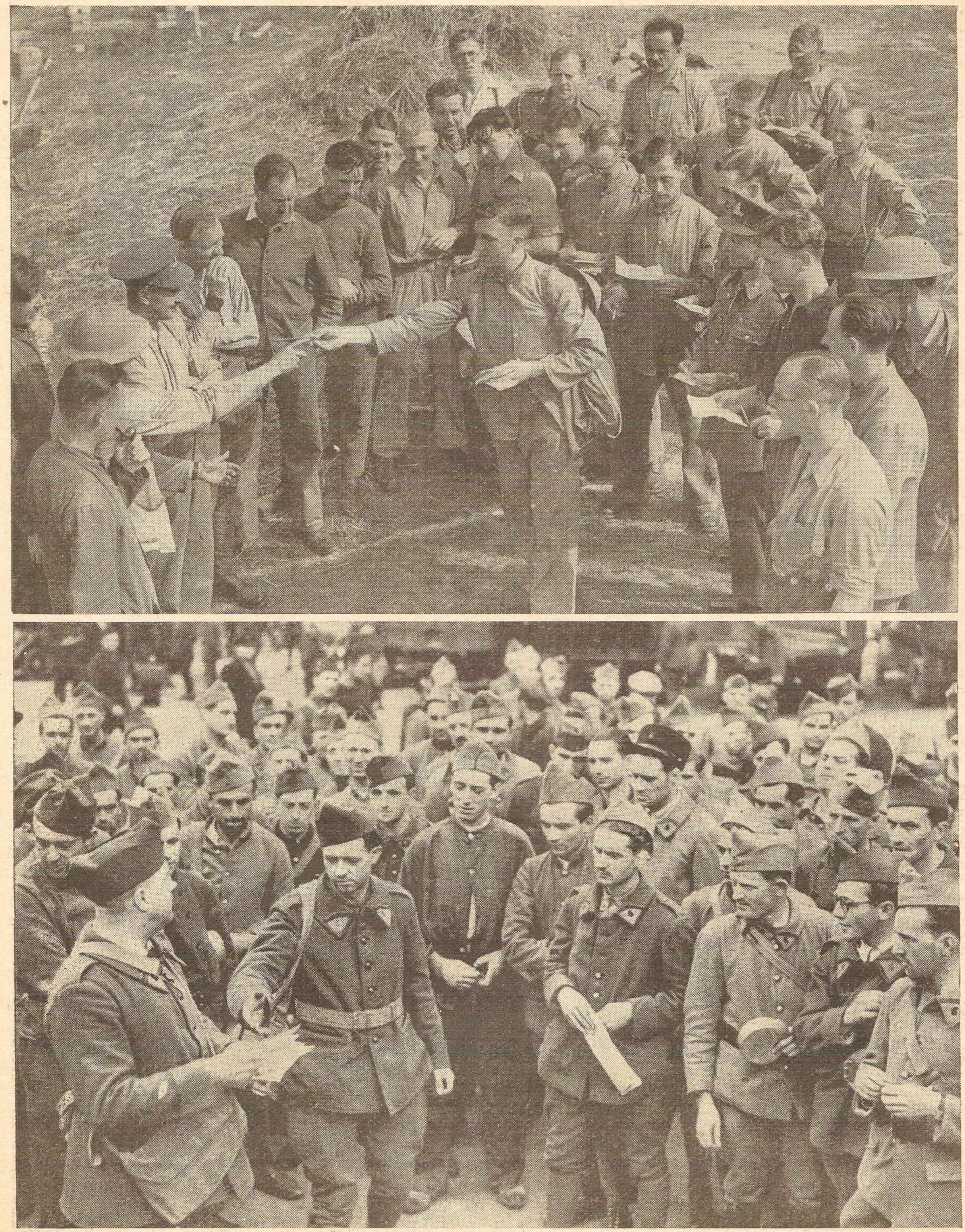




Here one of the big French tanks such as took part in the attack on the Forest of Warndt is seen. Top, it is in the open followed by infantrymen. Below, it is climbing a steep bank after making a successful crossing of a stream.

Photos, Associated Press

The Best War News Is a Letter From Home



To the soldier on active service the greatest of all joys is a letter from home. In the top photograph members of an anti-aircraft battery somewhere in Kent are eagerly receiving the latest news from their loved ones, while below a French Army postmaster is distributing letters to men just behind the line. A distinguished military writer has said that it was the letters from home that won the last war—letters to German troops telling them of unendurable privations their own folk were suffering. History may yet repeat itself in Nazi Germany.

Photos, Associated Press and Central Press

The Lads of '39 off to the Western Front

This photograph of men of the British Expeditionary Force in a lorry in France has an historic importance, for it was the first to be published of the B.E.F. in France

AMONG the greatest assets of the Army that fought between 1914 and 1918 were its unquenchable sense of fun and its good humour. These characteristics were manifested even in the direst circumstances, and did much to account for the magnificent morale of the troops on every front and for the friendliness with which they were received by the peoples of the countries in which they were fighting. Today it is the same again. The men of the new B.E.F. have gone to the front with smiling faces, and in France they have won the same golden opinions that their fathers did in 1914.

The cheery humour of the B.E.F. is exemplified in the photograph at the top by the man who carries his bed and breakfast with him. The centre photograph shows a scene now to be met with in every part of Britain—troops on the march. Here light tanks are drawn up by the roadside while their crews take a meal. In the bottom photograph the men in a troop train are waving to a few spectators as they pass through a wayside station on their way to join their fellows "Somewhere in France."

Photos, Associated Press, Wide World and Paramount News Reel

'Tiger' Gort—Commander-in-Chief, B.E.F.

The leader of Britain's Expeditionary Force in France is one of the heroes of the last war. Below, in brief compass, is the record of what General Lord Gort has managed to contrive in his fifty-three years of life.

UNLIKE the army which Britain sent to France in 1914, the Expeditionary Force which crossed the Channel the other day is captained by an infantryman. French, Haig, Smith-Dorrien, Byng, Allenby, Plumer—all were cavalrymen and had been brought up in the old cavalry tradition. General Lord Gort, however, has every claim to be regarded as one of the foot-sloggers—the P.B.I. of soldiers' parlance of the last war.

John Standish Surtees Prendergast Vereker was born in 1886, and succeeded his father as sixth Viscount Gort in 1902. As befitted the descendant of a long line of soldiers, young Gort, after leaving Harrow, passed through Sandhurst and at nineteen obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards.

When war broke out in 1914 he was a captain; two years later he was a brevet-major, acting lieutenant-colonel. He won the Military Cross in 1915 and the D.S.O. in 1917—the latter with three bars, representing four individual acts of bravery justifying its award. In September, 1918, he won the highest and most coveted of all military decorations, the Victoria Cross.

How He Won the V.C.

This he gained "for most conspicuous bravery, skilful leading, and devotion to duty during the attack of the Guards Division on September 27th, 1918, across the Canal du Nord, near Flesquières, when in command of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, the leading battalion of the 3rd Guards Brigade."

"Under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire," continues the official record in the "London Gazette," "he led his battalion with great skill and determination to the 'forming-up' ground, where very severe fire from artillery and machine-guns was again encountered.

"Although wounded, he quickly grasped the situation, directed a platoon to proceed down a sunken road to make a flanking attack, and, under terrific fire, went across open ground to obtain the assistance of a tank, which he personally led and directed to the best possible advantage. While thus fearlessly exposing himself he was again severely wounded by a shell. Notwithstanding considerable loss of blood, after lying on a stretcher for a while, he insisted on getting up and personally directing the further attack. By his magnificent example of devotion to duty and utter disregard of personal safety all ranks were inspired to exert themselves to the utmost, and the attack resulted in the capture of over 200 prisoners, two batteries of field guns, and numerous machine-guns. Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Gort then proceeded to organize the defence of the captured position until he collapsed; even then he refused to leave the field until he had seen the 'success signal' go up on the final objective.

"The successful advance of the battalion was mainly due to the valour, devotion and leadership of this very gallant officer."

After the War he continued to make rapid progress in the military hierarchy. A colonel in 1926, he was Director of Military Training in India from 1932 to 1936, when he came home to take up the post of Commandant of the Staff College at Camberley. By this time he was a major-general, and in 1937 he was appointed Military Secretary to Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Secretary of State for War.

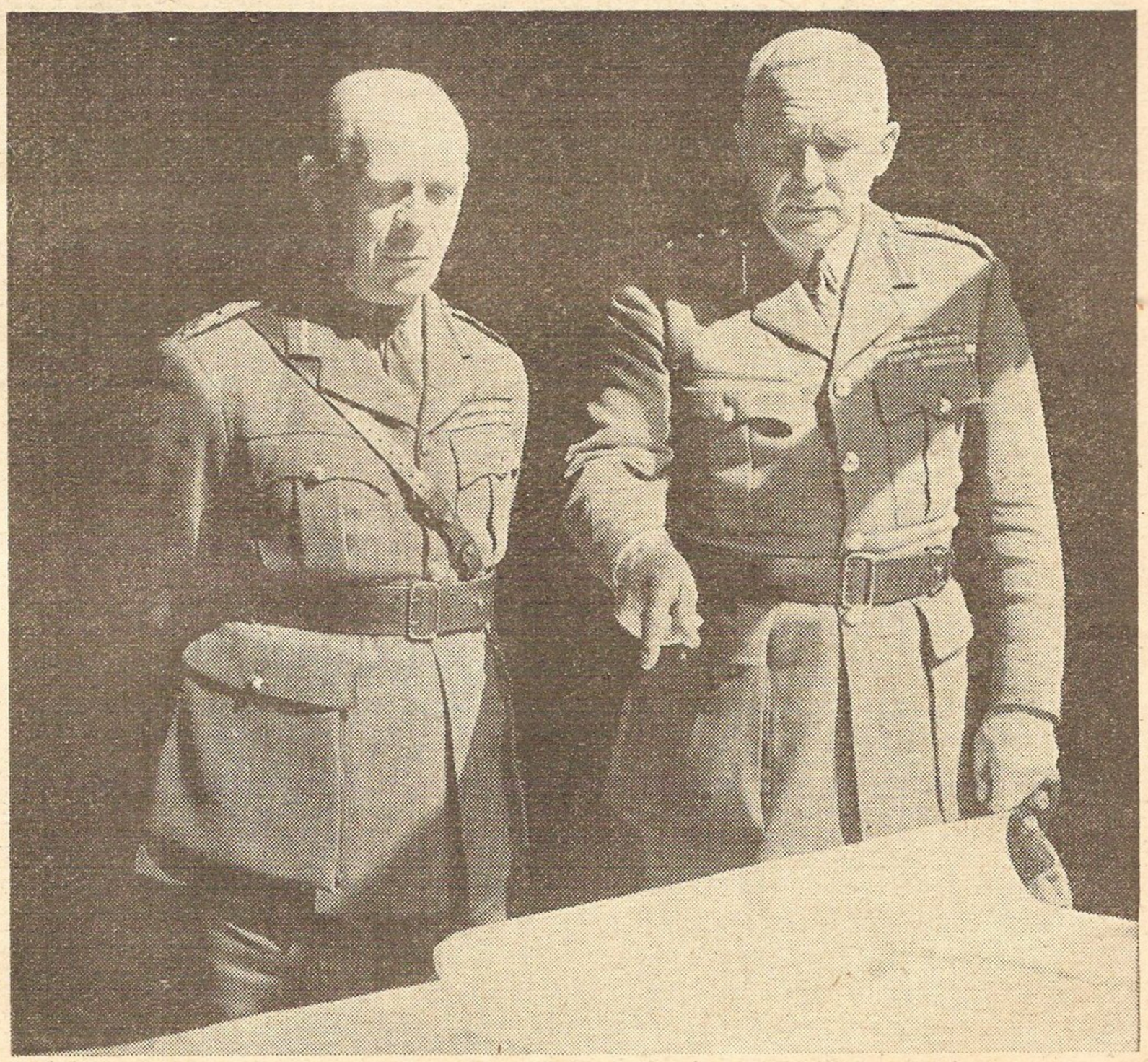
It is said that the meeting between the statesman and the soldier was one of dramatic suddenness. According to the story, Gort was ski-ing in Switzerland, when coming down a mountain he collided violently with another skier. Said the victim, "Who the hell are you?" Replied the other, "Gort." Thus informally introduced, Gort and Hore-Belisha became fast friends, and he was an obvious choice for the post of Military Secretary when it fell vacant.

High Merit—Quick Promotion

Promoted lieutenant-general, he justified to the hilt the confidence reposed in him, and there was not a murmur of criticism when in December 1937, jumping clean over the heads of ninety senior officers, he received the appointment of Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Two or three days later he was raised to the rank of full general. Then, on September 4, 1939, he was designated Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force which Britain was preparing to send overseas to fight side by side with the army of her French ally.

Essentially a fighter, he is also one of the military intelligentsia. He is a sportsman, too, one who hunts and yachts and flies his own aeroplane; here, perhaps, we have a case of heredity will out, for his grandfather on the maternal side was Robert Surtees, author of that series of inimitable sporting novels of which Mr. Jorrocks, grocer and sportsman, is the chief character.

But perhaps the most important thing to be said about Gort is that he is a soldier who has had actual experience of modern war under the most trying conditions. As he studies his maps and makes his plans in the British H.Q. somewhere in France, he will always have before him the most vivid recollection and complete understanding of what it means to be in the front line during the battle. He can never demand of a man a degree of courage, a depth of endurance, a height of resolution, beyond those which he himself has shown.



Britain's fighting forces by land are in the safe hands of these two great soldiers, Viscount Gort, Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F., left, and General Sir Edmund Ironside, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, right.
Photo, Topical

Britain's Effort Gains Speed — Her First Troops Go Abroad

On September 12 it was officially announced that British troops were in France, but that they had not been in action as yet. The men were taken to a southern port by railway, having marched from camp or barrack to the station at which they were to entrain. Troop trains arrived at the port in quick succession from many parts of England and Scotland. There a fleet of transports consisting of ships of many sizes was ready to embark the troops, and the journey across the Channel to France was made without a hitch. The mechanized units mostly made the journey to the port of embarkation by road. No figures were given of the number of men and amount of war material transported, but the task of transportation must obviously have been one of great magnitude. The ease and celerity with which it was carried out speak volumes for the perfection of the organization in London and the Military Commands behind it.

Photos, Paramount News Reel

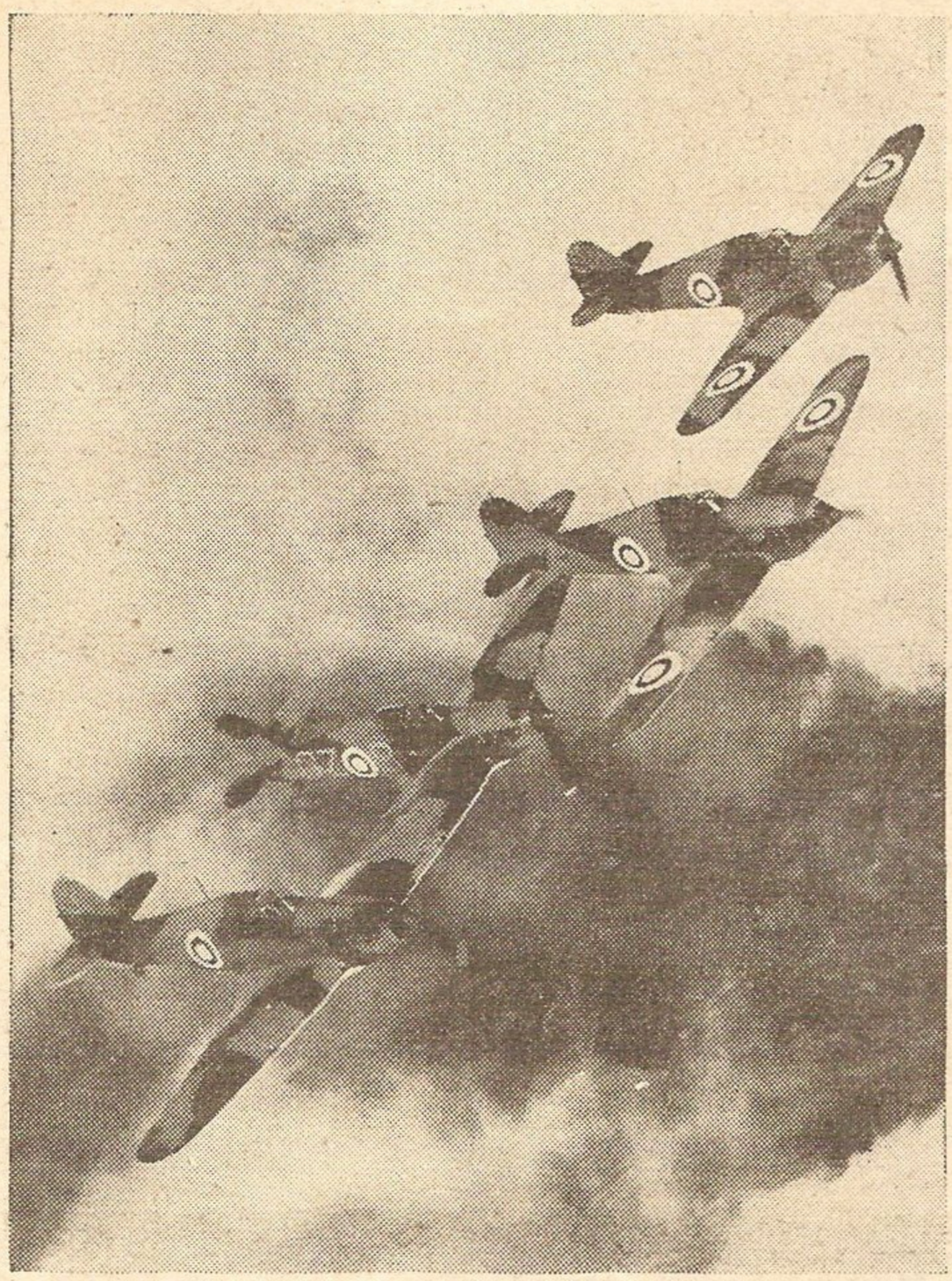
The photographs in this and the facing page show the troops and transport of the new B.E.F. somewhere in England. The column of infantry (above) wear already their steel helmets, and with the donning of "battle dress" puttees have been discarded. The mechanized transport column (left) is painted with the elaborate camouflage which long and careful experiment has shown to be most effective.

THE secret of the departure of the British Expeditionary Force for France was extraordinarily well kept, and not until it had safely crossed the Channel was any official announcement of the departure made. Yet there were some who knew. The people of a port in the south of England were the first to realize what was happening. The number of trains passing towards the docks increased tremendously. By night and day the streets resounded to the rattle of Army lorries and tractors, while now and again in the bright September sunshine a long line of infantry coming from within marching distance of the port passed towards the docks.

When the British Expeditionary Force landed in France in August, 1914, its equipment was very different from that of the Army of today. Mechanization had then hardly begun. Most of the artillery and transport and even many of the ambulances, were horse-drawn. In the Army Service Corps there were a certain number of motor transport wagons which were later supplemented by motor-lorries and vans commandeered from private firms, while for the transport of troops many London omnibuses were taken off the streets and sent to France. With the original B.E.F. went a Cavalry Division and Horse Artillery, but today, with a few exceptions, all the British cavalry regiments and artillery are mechanized units, and weapons unthought of 25 years ago are employed. Transport is also completely mechanized.

THE change in the equipment of the infantry is striking. In the last war steel helmets were not issued until the end of 1915. The horror of gas was to come later, so that no gas masks were carried. Yet the total weight of equipment carried by an infantryman was even then heavy, and by June, 1916, it had risen to about 66 lb., which made it difficult to get out of a trench or to move much quicker than a slow walk or to lie down or rise with any speed. This photograph gives some idea of how completely things have changed.

British Knights of the Air



Hawker Hurricane single-seater fighters such as those seen above and below are among the fastest machines in the British or any other Air Force of today.

THE Fighter Command, R.A.F., consists of home defence squadrons, equipped with aircraft specially designed to intercept raiders at the earliest possible moment. Such aircraft must necessarily be enormously powerful and capable of outstanding performances in climb, speed and manoeuvrability. Their armament, too, must be deadly, and the five-mile-a-minute Hurricanes seen in this page each have in the wings eight fixed machine-guns, aimed by directing the aeroplane at its target. A feature of the Hurricane, now general in aircraft design, is the retractable under-carriage, the landing wheels being withdrawn into the wings, adding appreciably to the speed. All fighters and bombers are now camouflaged in the green and brown "shadow shading."

The equipment of air pilots is necessarily elaborate, for at the height to which they climb the air is so rarefied that an oxygen cylinder and mouthpiece have to be worn. In the top right photograph this apparatus is being inspected. Below is the scene at an aerodrome when an alarm has been given and the pilots with their full equipment race to their machines.

In this Section we present week by week a collection of personal accounts of war experiences. They are selected on the same basis as those of the long series dealing with the first Great War which appeared in "I Was There," published under the same Editorship in 1938-39.

I Jumped from the Sinking "Courageous"

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is this first-hand story of the sinking of H.M. Aircraft-Carrier "Courageous" on September 17. It is told by R.F.R. 1572 Marine M. Reidy, who was called up from his job in the machine-room of The Amalgamated Press when the reserve fleet was mobilized at the end of July.

"At five to eight I was on the flight deck. The submarine attacked us broadside. We were struck about five to eight, and she had disappeared about a quarter past.

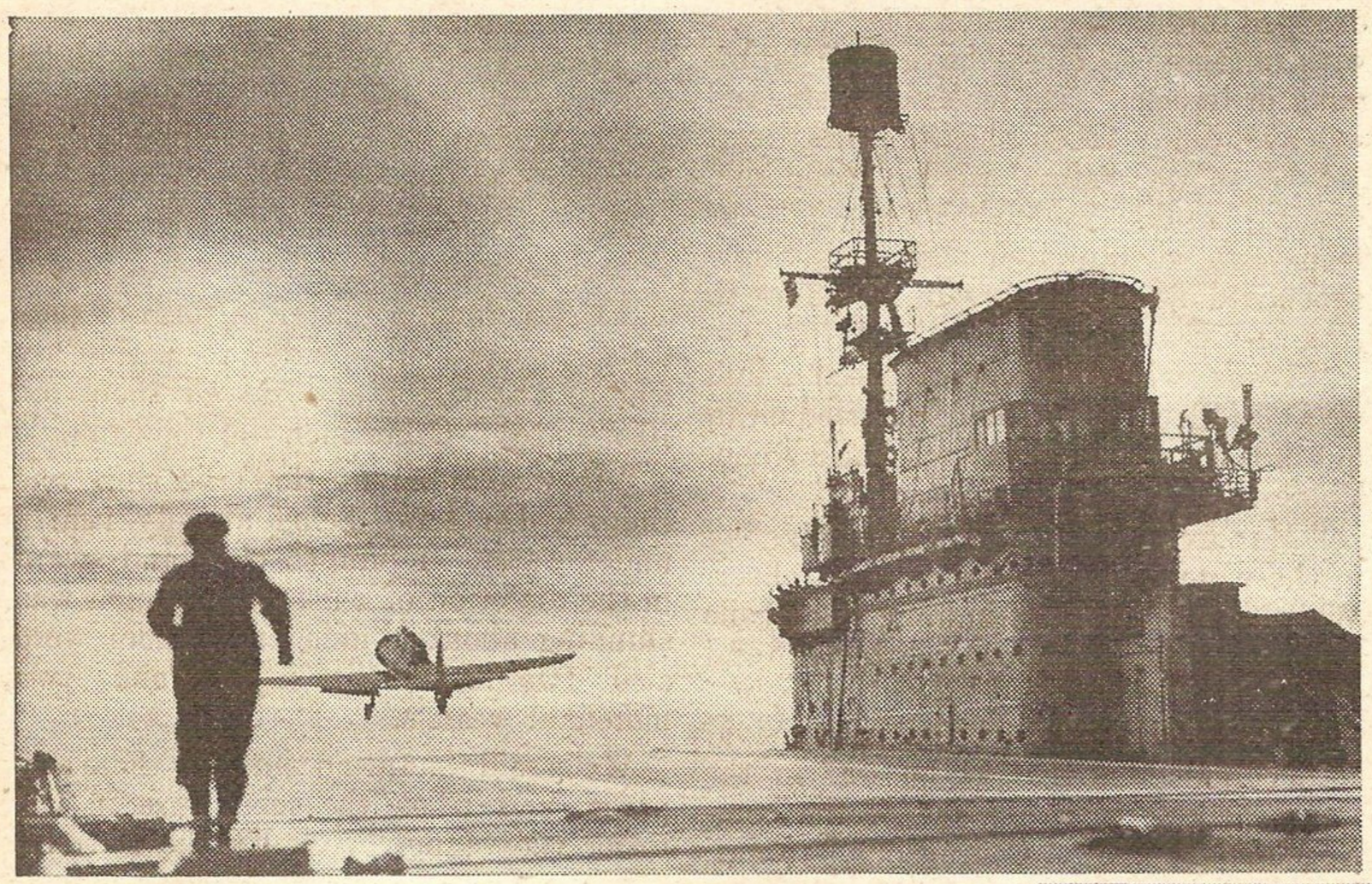
"The destroyer behind us came abreast and dropped depth charges. After one of these the submarine came up out of the water. This was before we had abandoned the ship. We saw the submarine blown out of the water. Everybody cheered. I am firmly convinced that she was sunk.

"Following the two explosions, 'Courageous' took a definite list to port. I jumped from the flight deck on to the C.P. (control position) platform and waited a while for orders and to see what would happen. The next order came about five minutes after the torpedoing. It was 'Abandon Ship,' sent by word of mouth along the decks. The broadcast which normally gives orders had been ruined, so the order was passed from man to man. The only boat they could get out was thecutter, and directly they got down to the water she sank. Then they lowered the motor-boat on the after end of the port side. The marines ran out from the mess deck, and directly the order came through 'Abandon Ship,' most of us jumped right over. The rafts were cut adrift and some of the men jumped on to them. But very seriously hit as she did not stop. The explosion partly collapsed the bridge, because it hit just under the bridge.

"Some of the men kept their money in their pockets and left their trousers on. When we all jumped over the side these men got away so far and then found that they could not keep up with their trousers on. Then they tried to kick them off and could not do so. Several were drowned in this way. There were plenty of logs of wood floating round and rafts and the motor-boat, but I just swam till I saw that everybody near me had something, because I had no fear at all. I knew I was a good swimmer. When they all had one I grabbed a log.

"The Captain of the destroyer manoeuvred his ship so that the rollers were breaking against it and rolling the men down towards her, and then he threw ladders and ropes and hauled the men up as they came towards him. Some of the crew dived off the side of their ship and pulled up exhausted men

"When I entered the water the destroyer was about 1½ miles away, but when 'Courageous' went down she gradually closed in, although she was afraid to move her screws in case some poor fellows got caught in them. Another



Above is Marine M. Reidy, an Amalgamated Press printer, photographed in the office of "The War Illustrated," four days after the sinking of H.M.S. "Courageous." Above, from the flight deck of the "Courageous," an aeroplane is taking off.

Photos. Fox and Topical, Copyright A.P. Ltd.

destroyer was dropping depth charges until they were sure the submarine was gone. A Dutch and an American ship were also in the vicinity and helped to pick up the survivors.

"I got into the water at ten past eight and was picked up about 9.15.

"I should like to pay a special tribute to the captain of the destroyer for his fine seamanship in keeping his ship to the rollers, and to the seamen for the way in which they worked to rescue us. They emptied their kit-bags for us, and I was dressed in two blankets strapped round me with a belt and an oilskin jacket when I arrived on shore."

We Were on 'Courageous' When She Was Hit

The first loss sustained by the Navy in the war was the sinking of the aircraft carrier "Courageous" by a German submarine on Sunday night, September 17. Below are survivors' accounts of the catastrophe reprinted by the courtesy of "The Daily Telegraph."

PAYMASTER SUB-LIEUT. I. F. WESTMACOTT, the Captain's secretary, was having his supper in the "Courageous" when he heard two explosions which seemed to lift the ship.

"All lights went out and crockery fell over," he continued. "I got out of the wardroom and made my way to the sea-plane platform on top of the quarter deck. People waiting there did not seem to realise that the ship would sink so soon. Suddenly an order was given for everyone to get into the water. Some men went to the floats and others got boats out. I stripped and jumped into the water. I was in it about 40 minutes, swimming all the time, until I reached one of the destroyers.

"Everybody behaved with calm, and the men cracked jokes. There was no panic or disorder."

Almost immediately after the attack the "Courageous" began to list to port, and within five minutes the captain gave orders to abandon her.

"Her bows submerged, her stern cocked up into the air, and she foundered within 15 to 20 minutes of being hit.

"Some of the boats on the starboard side were got out, but those on the port side could not be used as she heeled too quickly.

"There were two distinct bangs at an interval of perhaps a second. I believe there were a few minor explosions when she actually foundered. Part of the ship's crew were below decks at the time."

ONE of the youngest survivors is Bugler R. D. Emerson, of the Royal Marines, aged 15, and only 5 ft. in height. When the ship was struck he went on the flight deck, took off his bugle and tied it to the ship's rail. Then he undressed, clambered down the starboard side and struck out for a raft.

"Our destroyers were dropping depth charges," he said, "and within a few minutes we saw the submarine blown up. There was no doubt about it. The conning tower broke one way and the stern was blown another and oil shot up from the water. We all cheered.

"As we paddled away the men sang, 'Heigh ho, it's off to work we go.' We had not got far when the 'Courageous' went down with 200 men on board."

ONE of the most dramatic accounts was given by Naval Writer Tom Hughes, 18, of St. Anne's.

When the first explosion occurred, he said, he was in the canteen. He made a rush for the deck, and as he was going up the companion-way there was another explosion and a sheet of flame. He found men were throwing overboard pieces of wood, oars and anything that would float.

As an officer gave the order, "Swim for it," he clambered down a rope and dropped into the sea, which was "so thick with oil that we might have been swimming in treacle." He reached a raft, and was eventually taken aboard a destroyer.

"When we realized we had been torpedoed," said Naval Writer Hughes, "our men were so infuriated that they threw overboard depth charges in an effort to sink the U-boat.

"I was swimming when I heard a dull roar. Suddenly the submarine lifted clean out of the water and fell back like a stone. There is no doubt she was sunk.

"Hundreds of us who were struggling in the water for our lives raised a cheer. While we were swimming someone shouted, 'Are we downhearted?' and there was a resounding 'No!' in reply."

Hughes said one of his most vivid recollections was that as he was in the water he caught a glimpse of the commander of the "Courageous," Capt. Makeig-Jones, standing at the salute on the bridge as the vessel took her final plunge.

"As for myself, I just swam and swam. Those three hours in the water seemed much longer. I must pay tribute to the handling of the destroyer that saved us. She was so navigated that the swell created by her progress helped us to swim towards her.

"As I got fairly near her a fellow swam alongside me and said 'Help me.' I gripped him by the hair and when a man off the destroyer caught me to pull me aboard I was still hanging on. That chap's long absence from the barber's saved his life.

"Another impression which will live in my memory is that of a Royal Marine sergeant who seemed to cover an enormous distance swimming from man to man and making such remarks as 'Keep going, my lad, and you will be all right. Keep your heart and your head up.' There were heroes in plenty, but that sergeant was the greatest I saw."

JOHN DESMOND WELLS, aged 16, a boy seaman, of Seaton, Devon, said he was reading in his hammock waiting to go on duty when an explosion stunned him.

"After groping about I managed to get to the upper deck," he added. "Many men were running about but there was no panic.

"I slid down a blister [a form of protection on the ship's side] to within six feet of the water and stayed there for 10 minutes. Other men did the same.

"It was apparent that the ship was sinking, her bows being already nearly under water. I jumped clear and swam in the direction of a destroyer which was standing about a mile off. There were also two other destroyers and two merchant vessels."

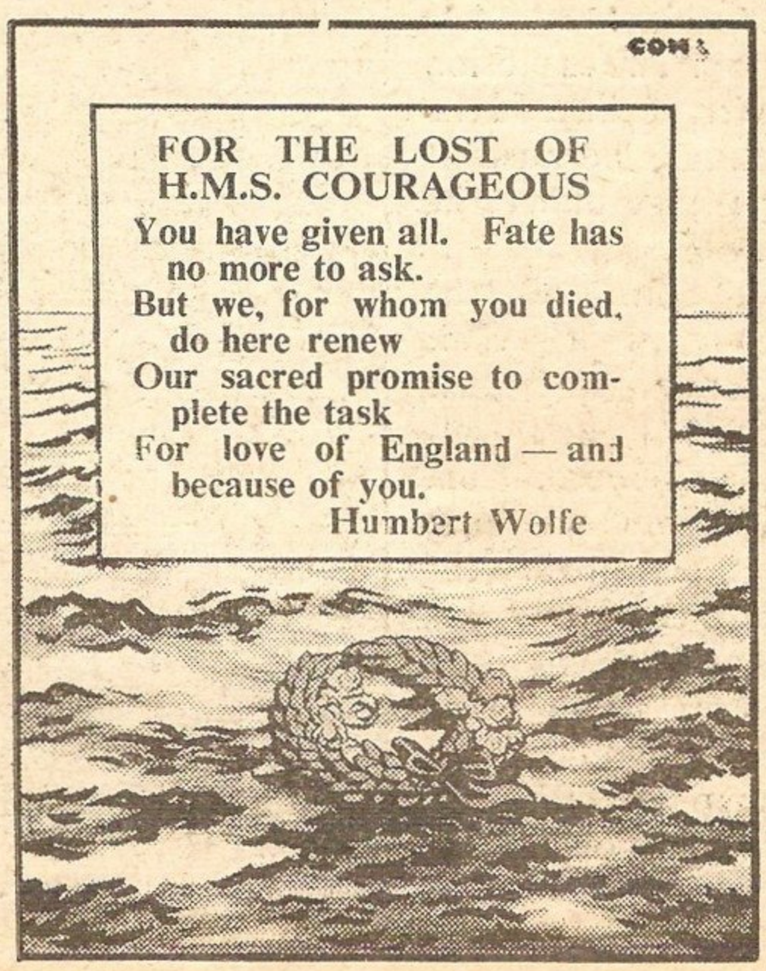
Wells said that at no time was there any panic, and when the men were in the water they sang "Roll Up the Barrel."

A 17-YEAR-OLD Exeter survivor said: "I helped to lower a boat which got stuck, and a couple of us climbed down over the side of the ship to push her off.

"About 30 men were in her, but there was a rush of water into her stern as she reached the sea. She sank and the men were forced to swim.

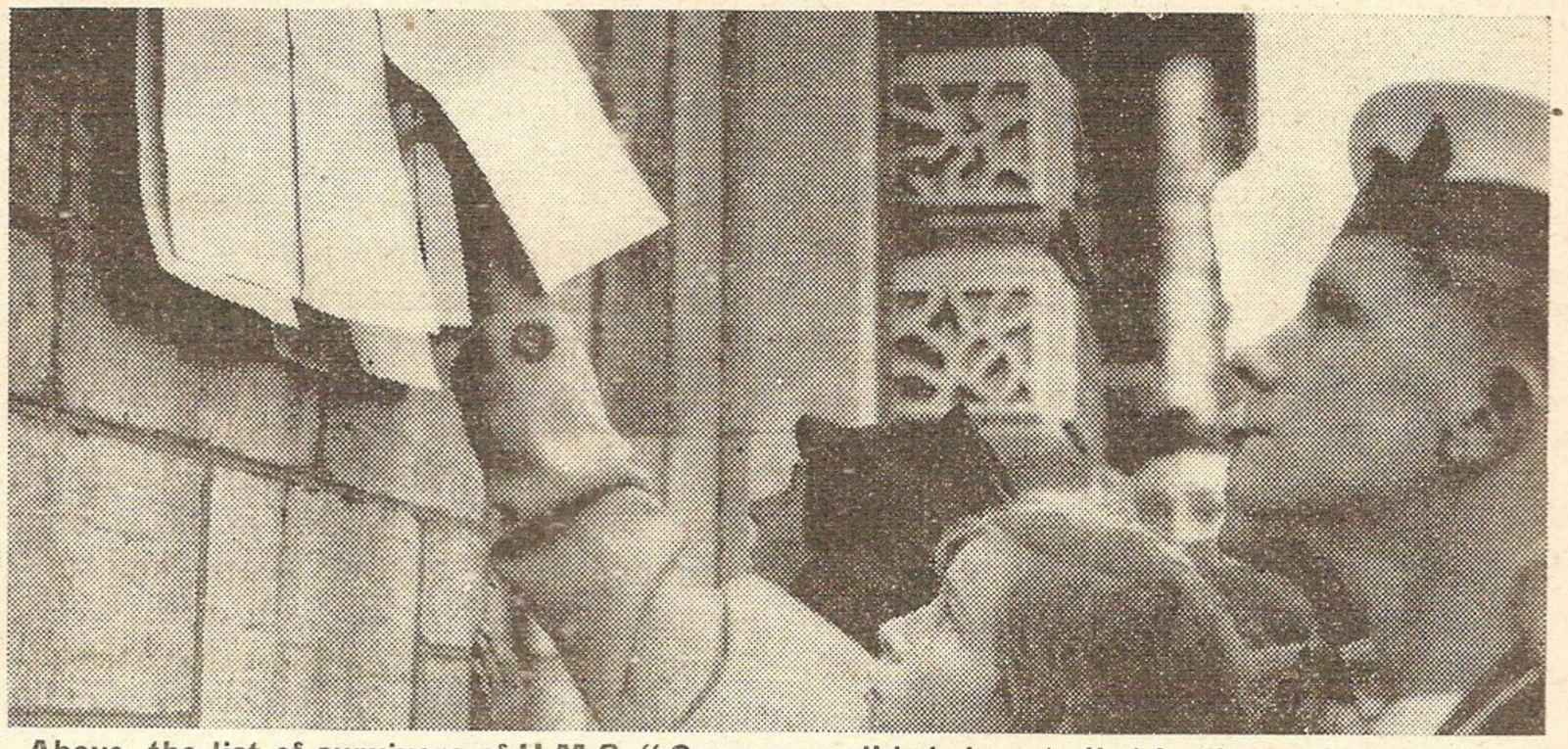
"Meanwhile, I waited on deck and smoked a cigarette. Then I heard a shout, 'Every man for himself,' and I went down the ship's side on a rope.

"I reached a float with a number of men on it and they helped me aboard. Everybody was cheerful. Somebody said, 'Let's have a song, boys,' and we struck up 'Rolling Home' and 'Show Me the Way To Go Home.' After about 45 minutes a destroyer came alongside, and she was handled so beautifully that she hardly disturbed the float."


FOR THE LOST OF
H.M.S. COURAGEOUS
You have given all. Fate has
no more to ask.
But we, for whom you died,
do here renew
Our sacred promise to com-
plete the task
For love of England — and
because of you.
Humbert Wolfe

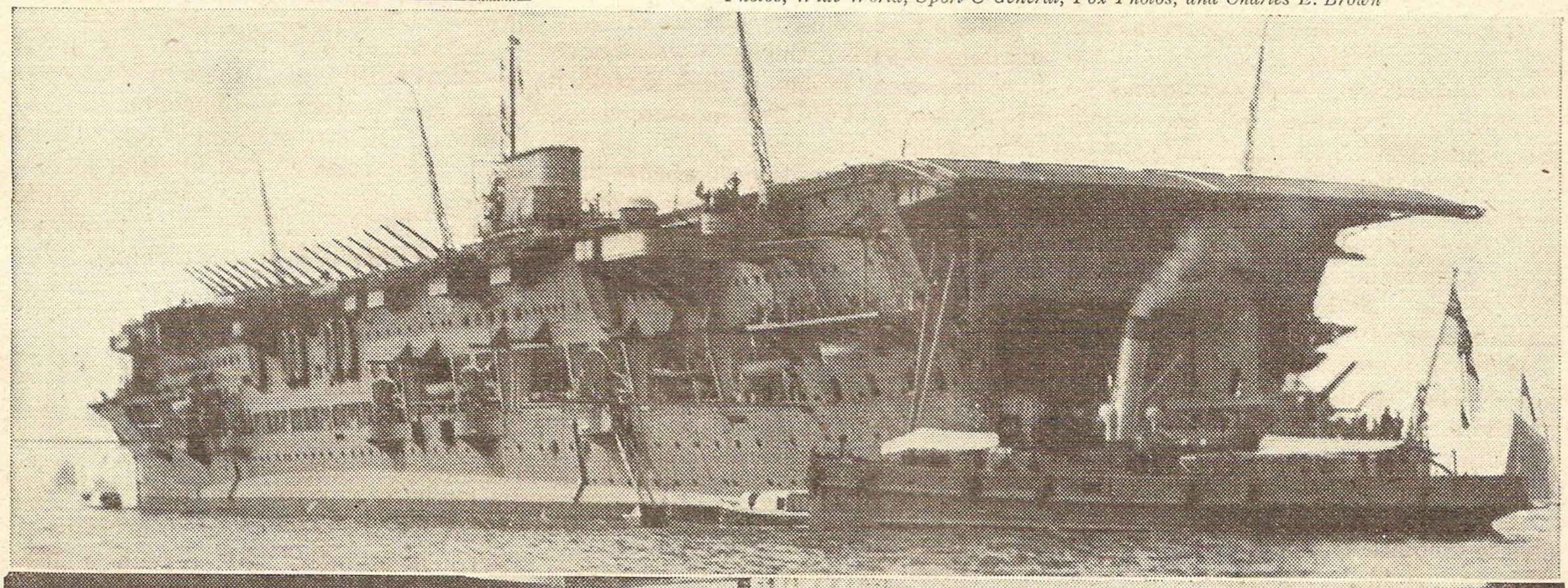
I WAS THERE!

'Courageous'—the Navy's First Wartime Loss



Above, the list of survivors of H.M.S. "Courageous" is being studied by those who had relations or friends on board. Left is the commanding officer, Captain W. T. Makeig-Jones, R.N., who went down with his ship while saluting the flag.

Photos, Wide World, Sport & General, Fox Photos, and Charles E. Brown



The "Courageous" (centre) was built as a shallow draft cruiser in 1915-16 to operate in the Baltic, and was afterwards converted into an aircraft carrier. The lower photograph was taken in 1937 at Gibraltar, when officers of the German battleship "Deutschland" were being entertained by the officers of the "Courageous." The officer at the piano is a German—and so was the man who launched the torpedo that sank her!

I WAS THERE!

'Tommy' Lands in France Again

On September 11 it was announced that a British Expeditionary Force had been conveyed across the Channel without the loss of a single man. Here is the story of the landing of the British troops in France, as reported in the "Daily Express" by Geoffrey Cox.

In a Channel port I have been watching columns of steel-helmeted British troops landing quietly and smoothly as if on manoeuvres, and tramping over the cobbles from the ships to their billets.

At street corners and house doors French people crowded to watch them, sometimes clapping, sometimes breaking into "Vive les Anglais."

But the landing of these Young Contemptibles was no affair of flags or flower throwing. This is ruled out by the need for secrecy in these days of air raids.

The attitude of the men seems to be: "We're here to do a job we think worth doing and we don't want any unnecessary fuss."

The French, too, share this feeling of not wishing for heroics, but the people of this port were moved by the sight of the khaki columns landing on their soil once more.

One old Frenchman who had been standing silent suddenly rushed forward to seize the hand of a great, gaunt Highlander heading a platoon.

He shook it, tears streaming from his eyes. The Highlander grinned, then carried on marching.

Out in the grey Channel I saw the dark shapes of the British and French destroyers which had escorted the latest ships to the port.

Above floated an observation balloon, scanning the port approaches for submarines. From the coastal forts great guns pointed out to sea, covering the approaches from England. Not a man was lost on this crossing.

Through the gate of their temporary barracks swung a detachment of sappers, shovels on shoulder.

Other troops, waiting for trains and lorries, crammed the bakers', the wine-shops and tobacconists'. Veterans of the last war acted as interpreters, but little interpretation was needed.

These men were taken right into French life. I saw infantrymen sitting on doorsteps like the members of any French family, with babies sitting on their knees, while hordes of little boys examined their buttons, caps and uniforms.

These men displayed the same attitude as the French towards this war—a quiet determination to see crushed once and for all this thing which has disturbed our natural life. One man told me: "A fortnight ago I was working on a building job in a remote part of Devon. I would never have believed I should find myself in France now." Two of them wore stripes from the last war.

While we were talking a whistle blew, the motor-cyclists hopped on their cycles, slung their rifles over their backs, and off went these troops, moving through villages and small towns and getting the warmest French welcome.

The troops wave back and move steadily on under the poplar trees lining the roads.

In the narrow streets of the old port town, the British troops were already completely at home. Infantrymen wearing the new battle-dress, white-belted military police, red hat-banded staff officers carrying canes, sergeants wearing the old style flat forage caps, strolled along and looked at the shop windows. Army nurses, with red-white-and-blue hatbands and with steel helmets slung over their arms, sat in their grey uniforms in the corner of a restaurant eating lunch.

The French are greatly struck by the easy air of confidence of these men, and the excellence of their bearing and equipment. An American military expert who was with me was most impressed with the calibre of this army, which he considers is probably the best fitted out in the world.

All the people of this port who remember 1914 said there was a great difference in attitude. A woman keeping a café on the port side said to me: "Then they came laughing and keen for adventure. Now they come determined to tackle the difficult job that is ahead, knowing that it is worth tackling. You tell the Old Contemptibles I've seen their sons today and they're worthy of them."

I Bombed a U-Boat from the Air

The sinking of a German submarine by a young South African pilot, laconically announced by the Ministry of Information, has stirred the imagination of the British people. Below is his own modest account of the achievement reprinted by permission from "The Daily Telegraph."

I sighted the submarine on the surface and two miles away.

It was travelling pretty fast—at about 12 knots—in an easterly direction.

I took cover in a cloud to approach the submarine from astern. As I came out of the cloud, flying at 1,500 feet, I tried with my binoculars to identify the submarine. Flying closer I saw those characteristics which made me sure she was a German.

To make absolutely certain I fired some rounds of ammunition near her to give her a chance to identify herself.

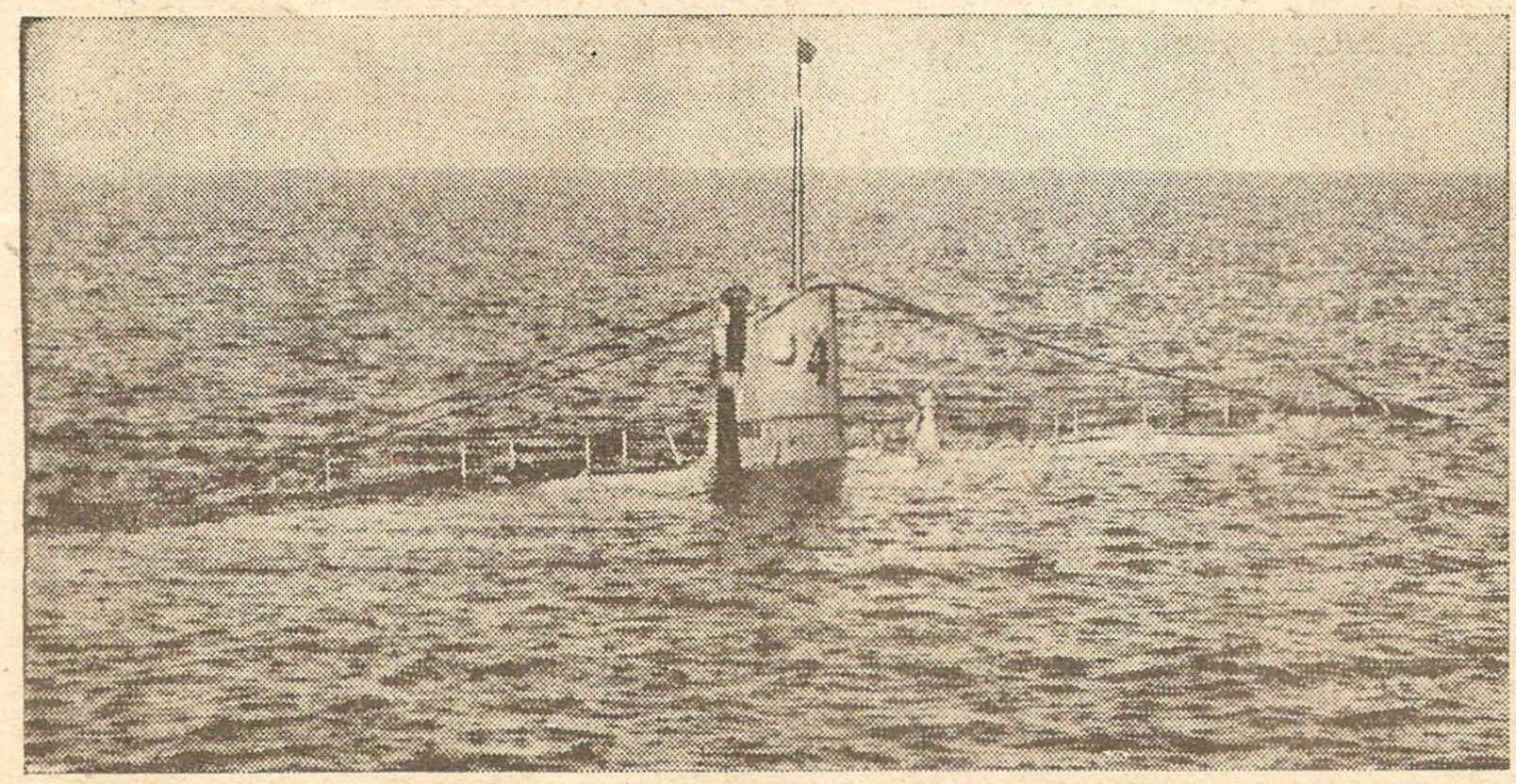
She did not, so I proceeded to dive, at the same time firing my front gun at someone wearing a white hat who was standing on the conning tower.

At 500 feet the man on the conning tower disappeared and the submarine started to dive. By the time I dropped my first salvo of bombs, the nearest of which hit the water 15 or 20 yards directly ahead, the submarine was half under water.

The explosion of the bombs blew her back to the surface. That gave me time to turn round, and I then carried out an attack from the port beam.

The nearest bomb of my second salvo landed 6 feet to the side of the conning tower. It was a direct hit on the submarine's port side and there was a colossal explosion and her whole stern lifted out of the water. She dived into the sea at an angle of 30 deg.

For 20 minutes afterwards I remained over the spot watching the large whirlpools caused by escaping air coming to the surface of the water. By that time I assumed the submarine to be out of action on the bottom of the sea and returned to my base.



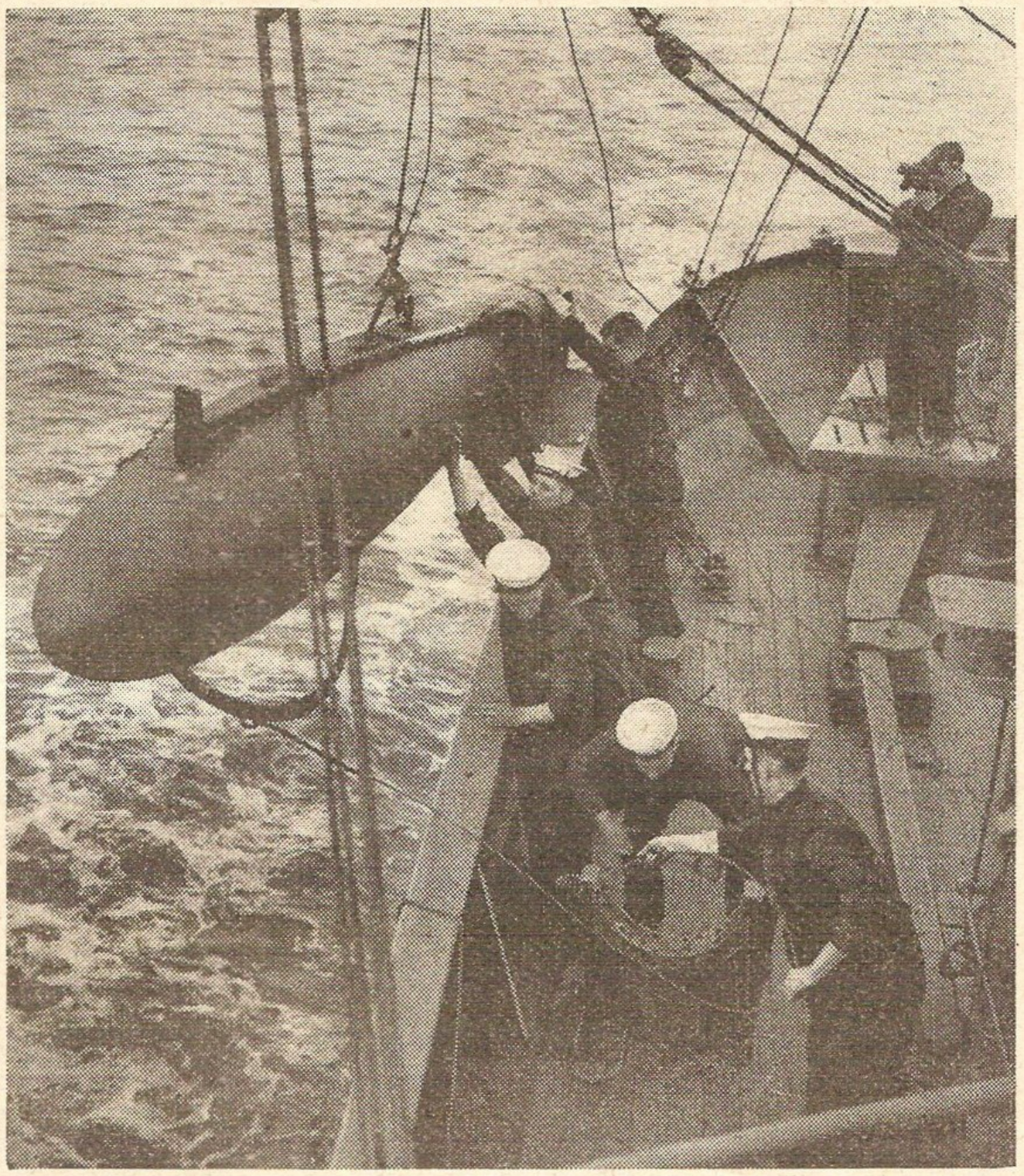
The U-boat seen in this photograph is just submerging in Kiel Harbour. It is approximately in the same position as was the submarine whose sinking is described by a South African airman in this page when he dropped his first salvo of bombs.

Photo, Sport and General

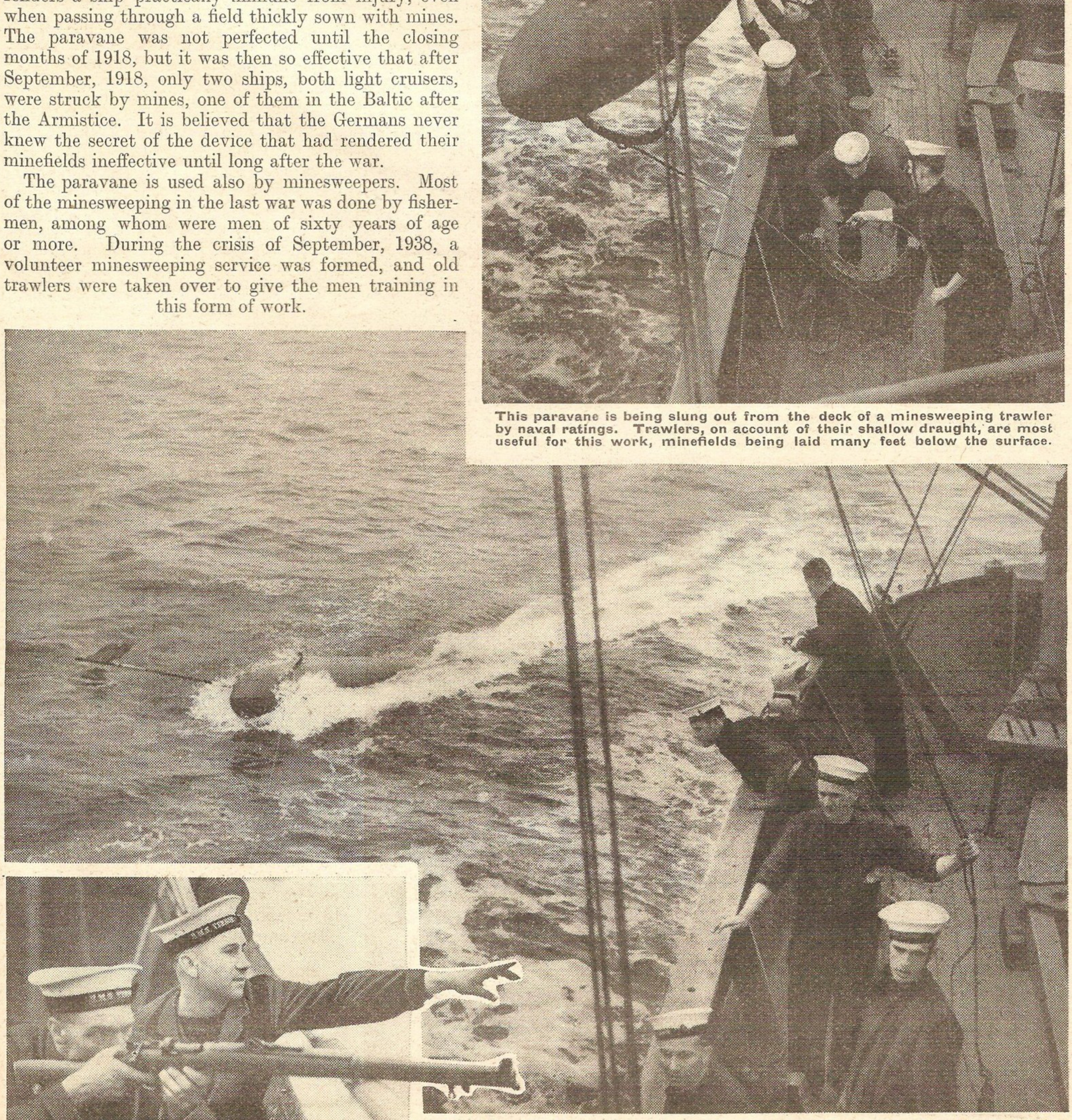
Paravanes Spell Safety in a Minefield

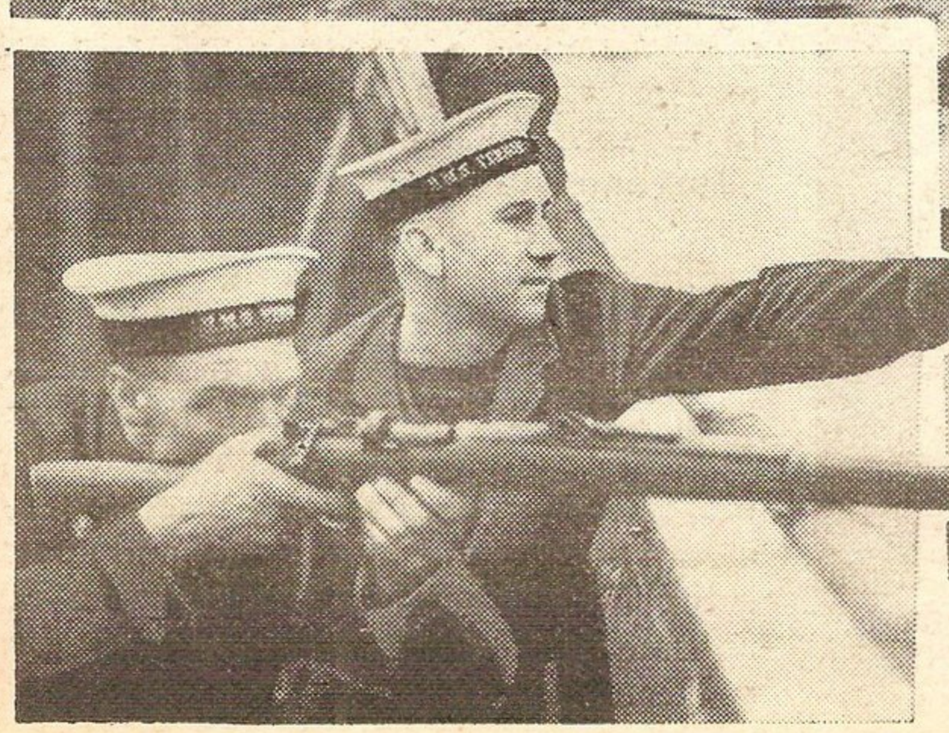
ONE of the most valuable inventions perfected during the last war was the paravane, which made it possible for ships of deep draught to pass through minefields in comparative safety. The apparatus consists of a torpedo-shaped body fitted with various devices to ensure that it keeps a straight course and maintains a certain depth. Paravanes are used in pairs, one being towed on either side of the ship. The tow-line is fitted with an apparatus that cuts through the mooring line of any anchored mine it encounters. The mine then floats to the surface and is exploded by rifle or gun fire. A pair of paravanes renders a ship practically immune from injury, even when passing through a field thickly sown with mines. The paravane was not perfected until the closing months of 1918, but it was then so effective that after September, 1918, only two ships, both light cruisers, were struck by mines, one of them in the Baltic after the Armistice. It is believed that the Germans never knew the secret of the device that had rendered their minefields ineffective until long after the war.

The paravane is used also by minesweepers. Most of the minesweeping in the last war was done by fishermen, among whom were men of sixty years of age or more. During the crisis of September, 1938, a volunteer minesweeping service was formed, and old trawlers were taken over to give the men training in this form of work.



This paravane is being slung out from the deck of a minesweeping trawler by naval ratings. Trawlers, on account of their shallow draught, are most useful for this work, minefields being laid many feet below the surface.



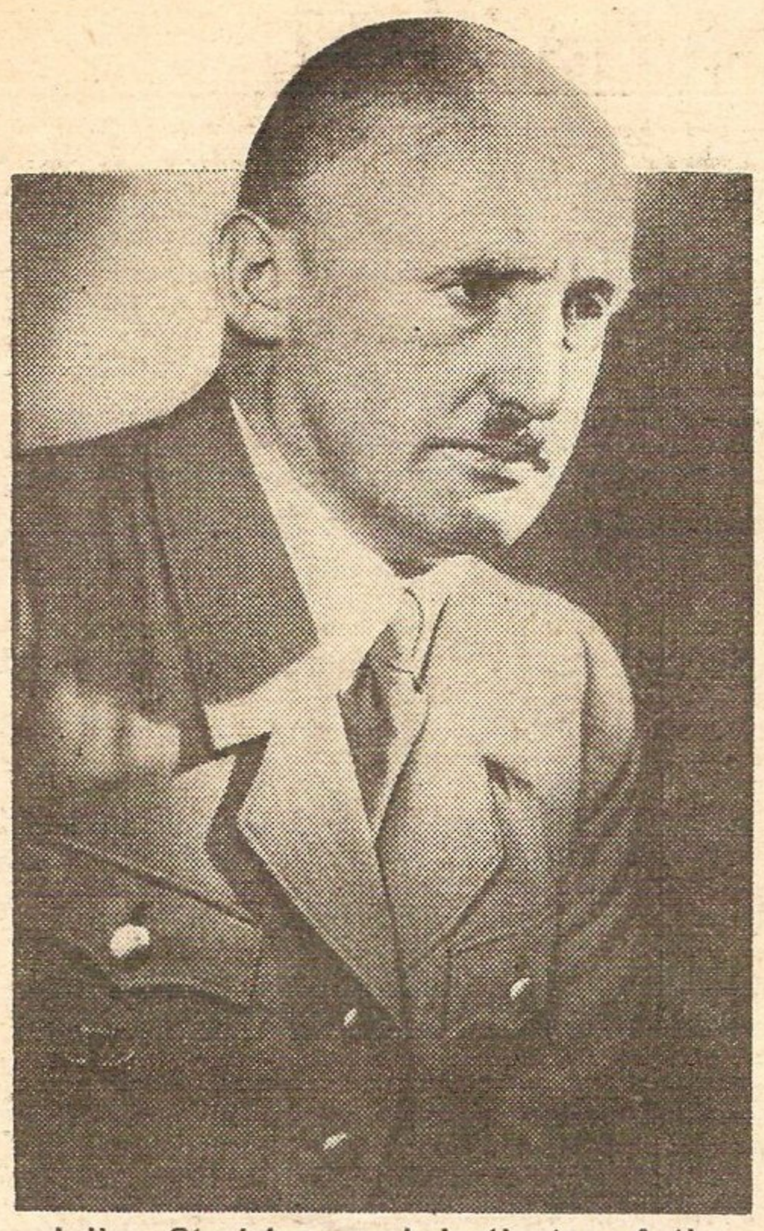


A paravane is taking the water, and as soon as the tow-line becomes taut the ingenious apparatus with which it is fitted will cause it to submerge to the required depth. Left, a naval rating is shooting at a mine cut adrift by the paravane.

Photos, Keystone

Hitler's S O S to the Jews

One of the most illuminating sidelights on Nazi Germany's readiness or otherwise for the waging of a long war was the appeal to the banished Jews to come back and work for the country which, under Hitler's leadership, cast them out with every kind of ignominy.



Julius Streicher, arch-instigator of the persecution of Jews in Germany, was said to be in disgrace after war broke out.
Photo, Associated Press

"WHO is the enemy of the German race? Who sapped the strength of the German people in the War and ensured their collapse at the end of it? Who as capitalist exploits the worker? Who as Communist inflames and then betrays him? Who corrupts and corrodes the nations with his vile and vulgar pseudo-culture? Who is the enemy of the entire human society?" These are some of the questions posed in Hitler's "Mein Kampf." He gives the answer, and in every case it is the same—*the Jew!*

From his early days in the Vienna of pre-War days Hitler has hated the Jew with an intense, all-consuming hatred. His movement has been built up very largely on anti-Semitism. Since he has come to power in Germany he has done his best to eradicate entirely the Jewish element from German life.

Jewish professors, bankers and industrialists, Jewish journalists, artists and musicians, Jews of insignificant place and name and Jews whom the world at large has delighted to honour—such Jews as Einstein, Ehrlich, Bruno Walter, Freud, and Thomas Mann—all have been driven into exile or subjected to the most intense and bitter humiliations.

The Nazi press has descended to the gutter in search for its terms of abuse of the Jew. Jews have been forced to march along the street carrying offensive placards; they have been assaulted in their houses; their shops have been picketed by Nazis. One of the first things the Nazi conquerors did in Vienna was to compel members of the Jewish intelligentsia to go down on their knees and scrub the streets.

These two photographs show scenes during the Nazi maltreatment of the Jews. Top, elderly Jews in Vienna are forced to go on their hands and knees and scrub the streets while jeering young Germans look on. In the lower photograph is a Jewish shop in Berlin wrecked during a pogrom instituted by the Nazis.

No task has been too degrading for the Nazi taskmasters to set the Jews of Germany, no abuse has been too foul, no accusation too revolting. Julius Streicher's "Der Stürmer" built up a weekly circulation of 500,000 on pornography and blackmail of the Jewish people.

Yet only a few days after war broke out in 1939, posters were displayed in the German consulate in Antwerp urging all doctors, engineers and other technical experts of German nationality, *no matter what their race*, to return home and work for Germany again. The posters went on to promise that the fortunes which had been confiscated from such refugees would be restored if only they returned now in the hour of Germany's need.

But the Jews have long memories, and in that vast, world-wide front which has been built up against Hitlerism those Jews who were once a mainstay of German prosperity are finding their place. "We are anxious to put all our skill and knowledge at the service of those who are fighting the Nazis" said one Jewish spokesman.

Himmler—The Man Germany Fears

In the circle of Nazi chiefs, Heinrich Himmler occupies a unique place, and particularly since war began has the importance of this arch-spy, super-terrorist of the Nazi people become clear for all to see.

IF there is one man in Nazi Germany whom everybody fears it is Heinrich Himmler, the chief of the two great terroristic organizations, the Gestapo and the S.S.

Of lowly birth, and in early days a school-teacher, he early allied himself with Hitler and was the Fuehrer's standard-bearer during the unsuccessful Munich putsch of 1923. Since 1929 he has been commander of the S.S. (*Schutz-Staffeln*, defence corps), the black-uniformed private army which is so much in evidence in the Nazi Reich. These Black Guards are the army of the home front; 200,000 of them are trained as regular soldiers, serve for seven years, and live in barracks. They are selected with particular care, for it is intended that they should constitute a kind of Praetorian Guard such as surrounded the emperors of imperial Rome, or the janissaries of the sultan at Constantinople. Trained in special schools set up in castles in various parts of the Reich, they are permitted to marry only after a thorough investigation of the pedigree of the proposed bride. They are even forbidden to smoke. It is said that two of the Black Guards are always in attendance on Herr Hitler to protect his life with their own; even when he sleeps one is on guard inside the room while the other keeps watch between the double doors leading to it.

As commander of the Black Guards, as the person primarily responsible for the safety of the Fuehrer, Himmler wields a tremendous power, but the hate which he inspires is due to his position as chief of the Gestapo (*Geheime Staatspolizei*, secret police). He is the Fouché of the Nazi régime, and he performs his duties with an efficiency of the most sinister kind. His agents—spies is the better word—are everywhere. The concierges of most of the great apartment houses with which the German cities are filled are suspected of being in his pay, and he has informers (not to say, *agents provocateurs*) in all the factories and big business houses, in the universities and the schools, in newspaper-offices and in the beer halls. So widespread are the ramifications of his spy system that conversation in Germany is becoming a lost art, for even the most careless gossip may be reported by the Gestapo and call down upon the unhappy speaker's head the most dire consequences. For lapses of speech as well as of conduct the doors of the concentration camp are ever open—and the concentration camps are under Himmler's control.

With typically Teutonic efficiency and zeal he has built up a colossal card index system recording the names and particulars of all those persons in every rank of life who are suspected of being even lukewarm in their attachment to the Nazi system. No one knows how many millions of the German people are included in this vast dossier—and it is not intended that anybody should know.

To Himmler's headquarters are reported the names of all those who in the heat of the moment have let out an unguarded statement, or those who are believed to be not satisfied with the news given by the German official wireless, but in the silent darkness of their own homes listen in to the news bulletins given over the air by Paris and Brussels, Moscow and London. When you put through a telephone-call in Germany you can never be sure that an agent of the Gestapo is not tapping the line; and when you open your letters at the breakfast-table you have an uneasy feeling that someone has opened them before you.

Heinrich Himmler is chief of the S.S. (the Black Guards) and of the Gestapo, which together keep Germany quiet.

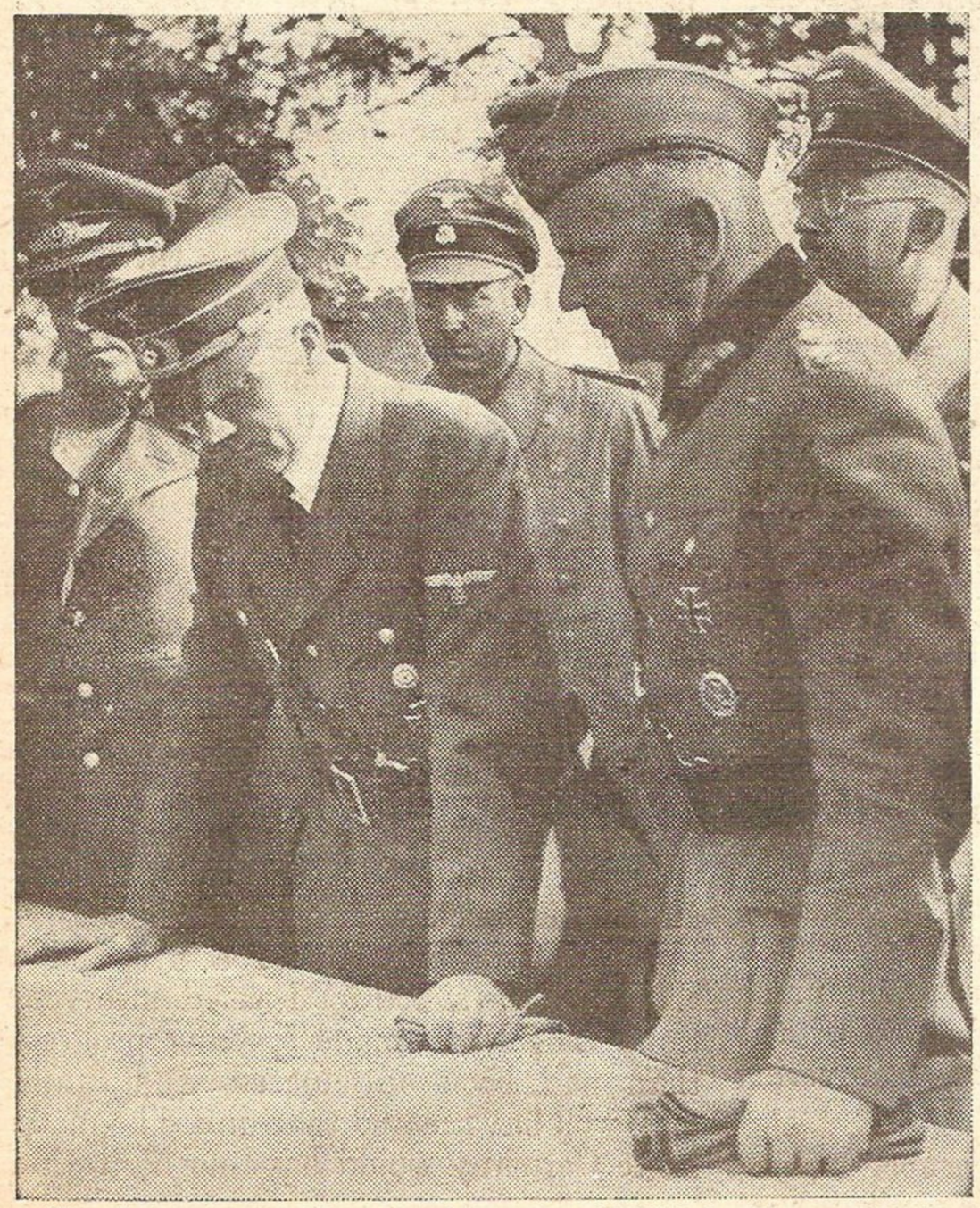
Photo, Associated Press

Fearful in peacetime, Himmler casts an even more monstrous shadow now that Germany is at war. By his regimentation of the home front, he strives to maintain the people's morale. But it may be doubted whether morale can flourish in the forcing-bed of terrorism.

In appearance Himmler is the typical German bureaucrat; some people would call him insignificant—until they look into his eyes. He is by no means a great speaker—indeed, he is not a believer in speeches, but rather in action of the underground variety. Essentially he is an organiser, a ferreter-out of secrets, one who has an excellent ear and nose for the slightest suggestion of disaffection. Although those who have made his personal acquaintance aver that he has considerable charm, it is probably true to say that he has no friends, for even Hitler may wonder if his allegiance to him is based on personal affection or on cool calculation. During the "blood purge" of June 30, 1934, it was Himmler's Black Guards who despatched in cold blood Roehm and scores—perhaps hundreds—of the Nazi personnel whose continued existence their Fuehrer had decided was inconvenient to the maintenance of his power.

Those who hold high place in the Nazi movement today may well remember the callous competence displayed by Himmler and his agents in the mass executions.

Master spy, executioner in chief—no wonder Himmler is hated and feared.



The first care of Himmler is to guard Hitler's life, and he is constantly near him. The two are here seen together in Poland, studying a map of the battlefields.

Photo, International Graphic Press

THE SOVIET PLAYS 'JACKAL TO THE NAZI LION'

Russia's unprovoked aggression on an unoffending neighbour, struggling for her life, made a most unfavourable impression on world opinion, and gave rise to a flood of speculation as to the motives which impelled the move.

At four o'clock in the morning of Sunday, September 17, 1939, large bodies of troops of the Red Army crossed the frontier of Poland at many points, and proceeded to attack the Polish armies, then fighting desperately for their existence against the overwhelming numbers of the Nazi invaders. Taken thus in the rear, the Polish front rapidly disintegrated, and in the course of a few hours practically the whole of Poland had been successfully overrun by the combined armies of Germany and Soviet Russia.

Although the way for this extraordinary development had been paved by the German-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact, signed in Moscow on August 23, the world received the news with a thrill of disgusted horror. That the alleged ideological opposites should agree on a non-aggression pact was one thing; for the Soviet to act, in the words of an American commentator, "as the jackal to the Nazi lion," was quite another.

The ostensible reasons for Russia's military invasion were given in the Soviet note handed to the Polish Ambassador in Moscow by Assistant Foreign Commissar Potemkin on behalf of Premier Molotoff at about the same time as the first Russian troops crossed the frontier.

'Poland has Ceased to Exist'

The note read as follows:

The Polish-German war has shown the internal bankruptcy of the Polish State.

During the course of ten days' hostilities, Poland has lost all her industrial areas and cultural centres. Warsaw, as the capital of Poland, no longer exists. The Polish Government has disintegrated and no longer shows any sign of life.

This means that the Polish State and its Government have, in point of fact, ceased to exist. In the same way, the Agreements concluded between the U.S.S.R. and Poland have ceased to operate.

Left to her own devices and bereft of leadership, Poland has become a suitable field for all manner of hazards and surprises, which may constitute a threat to the U.S.S.R. For these reasons the Soviet Government, which has hitherto been neutral, cannot any longer preserve a neutral attitude towards these facts.

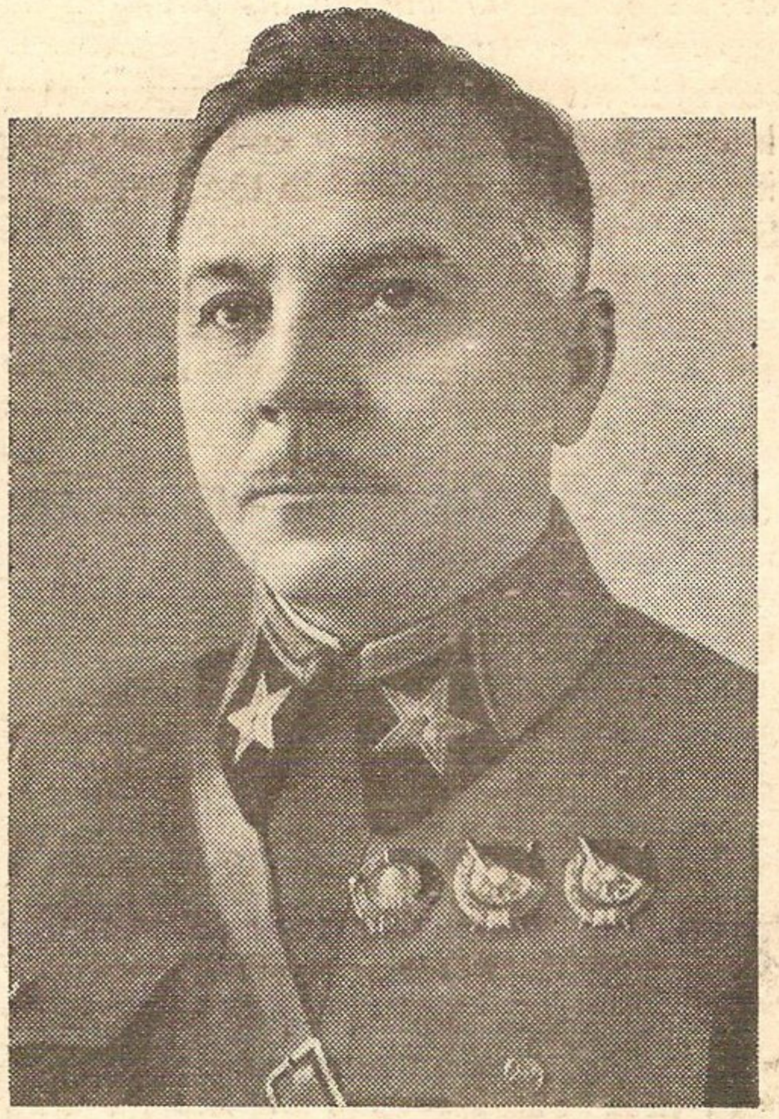
The Soviet Government also cannot view with indifference the fact that the kindred Ukrainian and White Russian people who live on Polish territory and who are at the mercy of fate should be left defenceless.

In the circumstances, the Soviet Government has directed the High Command of the Red Army to order the troops to cross the frontier and take under their protection the life and property of the population of Western Ukraine and Western White Russia.

At the same time the Soviet Government propose to take all measures to extricate the Polish people from the unfortunate war into which it was dragged by its unwise leaders, and to enable it to live a peaceful life.

In a broadcast to the Soviet people delivered at 9.30 a.m. the same day, M. Molotoff declared that the events arising out of the Polish-German war had revealed the internal insolvency and obvious impotence of the Polish State. After repeating his statement concerning Poland's loss of her industrial and cultural centres, M. Molotoff went on to say that the population of Poland had been abandoned by their ill-starred leaders to their fate, and that the Polish State and its government had virtually ceased to exist.

"In view of this state of affairs," he proceeded, "the treaties concluded between the Soviet Union and Poland have ceased to operate. A situation has arisen in Poland which demands of the Soviet Government special concern for the security of its State. Poland has become a fertile field for any accidental and unexpected contingency which may create a menace to the Soviet Union. . . Nor can it be demanded of



Klement Voroshilov has the official title of the People's Commissar for Military and Naval Affairs.

Photo, E.N.A.

the Soviet Government that it should remain indifferent to the fate of its blood brothers the Ukrainian and White Russians inhabiting Poland, who even formerly were nations without any rights, and who have now been entirely abandoned to their fate. The Soviet Government deems it its sacred duty to extend the hand of assistance to them."

If these be what psychologists call good reasons for Russia's intervention, the real reasons may have been far different. For more than twenty years Russia had looked on in apparent indifference to the fate of her "blood brothers" beyond the Soviet borders. What now stimulated her energetic intervention was much more likely the rapid advance of the German army across the quivering carcase of Poland.

"Stalin," said "The Daily Telegraph," "cannot watch the German steam-roller crashing over prostrate Poland without an uneasy suspicion that the driver may forget to stop. Stalin has presumably read 'Mein Kampf.' If so, he has no doubt noted Herr Hitler's conviction that Germany's true field of expansion is to the eastward; what he covets most in Europe is the granary of the Ukraine. Like most monomaniacs, Herr Hitler has been true to himself if nothing else; and there is point in M. Molotoff's insistence that Poland's White Russians and Ukrainians are under Red protection."

This argument is based on the assumption that Hitler remains a National Socialist and Stalin a Communist, but a situation may well be envisaged in which the ideological line of separation is completely erased. Indeed, for some time past there have been some critics who have asserted that the present Soviet régime is most certainly not Communism, but has many points of resemblance with State Capitalism of the Fascist variety. Some have gone further, and say that Stalin has become infected with the virus of imperialism, and is now prepared to play the game of power politics with the best.

'Triumph of Communism'

On the other hand, those who still cling to a belief in Soviet consistency find consolation in a statement broadcast from Moscow late in the evening of September 17, which declared that the Soviet action in invading Poland was aimed not only at the protection of the White Russian and Ukrainian minority in Poland, but at the opening of a new road for the worldwide triumph of that Communist creed whose spread was arrested by Pilsudski at the gates of Warsaw in 1920 and by the "Fascist state of Poland" in subsequent years.

Whatever the reason for Stalin's unleashing of his legions, there was no hesitation once the order had been given to march. Led by Voroshiloff, the Soviet Marshal, the Red armies poured across the frontier in a vast flood, seemingly determined to occupy as much Polish territory as possible before still further appropriations could be made by the Nazis. Particularly in south Poland a race developed between the German and Russian troops to obtain possession of the rich oilfield between Lwow and the Carpathians.

Perhaps it is this scramble for Polish territory which gives the key to the situation. It is hardly to be doubted that in the talks which led up to the German-Soviet Pact a month before, some partition of Poland had been resolved upon, and it may well have been decided that the German approach to a given line should be the signal for Russian intervention. The Nazis made speedier progress than had been anticipated, and Stalin may well have feared that unless he made haste Germany would have no hesitation in occupying territory which according to the agreement was to form part of Russia's share of the spoils.

Beginning of the Great Russian Betrayal of Poland

Here we see Russian armoured cars entering the territory of a country with which the U.S.S.R. had signed a non-aggression pact. The full military value of the mechanized Soviet army has yet to be proved. The effort to turn Russia from an agricultural country into a manufacturing one was not wholly successful, for the Russian does not take kindly to mechanical things.

Photo, Planet News

WORDS THAT HISTORY WILL REMEMBER

A Select Record from Week to Week of Important War Declarations and Statements

(*Continued from page 92*)

Monday, September 11

Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for the Dominions, in a broadcast address relayed to the United States and to the Empire :

" You may remember the famous story of the Roman envoys who went to Carthage before the First Punic War. Confronted by the Carthaginian Senate their spokesman said : 'I have here two gifts, peace and war, take which you choose.' No such grim alternative was given to Herr Hitler. Every inducement was offered him to enter the way of peaceful negotiation. The Polish Government had accepted the principle of negotiation Herr Hitler deliberately and with set purpose made negotiation impossible. Instead, he chose to embark upon a war of naked aggression, and this country and France have in consequence fulfilled their undertaking to Poland.

" The German Chancellor carried cynical dissimulation so far as finally to invade Poland because Poland had failed to accept peace proposals which she had never even received from the German Government. There has never been a more flagrant mockery of international good faith.

" Poland was ready to negotiate, as Czecho-Slovakia was ready to negotiate a year ago. Herr Hitler has preferred force. He has made the choice ; he must suffer the decision. For us now there will be no turning back. We have no quarrel with the German people, but there can be no lasting peace until Nazism and all it stands for, in oppression, cruelty, and broken faith, is banished from the earth. This is an issue that admits of no compromise.

" Herr Hitler has claimed that his sole aim was to remedy the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles, which, he contended, was the root of all evil. This it was, we are told, which had forced him to build his colossal armaments, to march his legions into Austria, to imprison its Chancellor, to absorb Austria into the German Reich. This it was that compelled him to break faith with the British and French Governments, and, despite his pledge, so recently and so solemnly reaffirmed, to invade and subdue Czecho-Slovakia and to attempt to reduce her people to the status of hewers of wood and drawers of water.

" This it was that left Herr Hitler—we are assured—with no alternative but to turn against Poland, with whom some five years ago he had solemnly signed a pact which was to run for 10 years.

" Faced with such a catalogue of broken vows and discarded pledges, how is it possible to escape the conclusion that the Treaty of Versailles was not a grievance to redress but a pretext for the use of force ? Five times in the last 80 years the rulers of Germany have embarked with only the slightest pretext upon a war of aggression. Against peaceful Denmark in 1864, against Austria in 1866, against France in 1870, against the whole world in 1914 to 1918, and now against France, Poland, and Great Britain in 1939.

" With such a record her present rulers, had they been honest and sincere, might well have thought that they should accept to negotiate with nations who wanted nothing more than to live at peace with Germany, and who, as the documents which have been published show, excluded no subjects from peaceful discussion.

" Herr Hitler and his Nazi associates would have none of it. Flouting all the lessons of history, ignoring or deriding even their own country's experience of British character, they preferred yet once more the path of lawlessness, the path of misery and of bloodshed, the path of anarchy and want. Let the Nazi leaders ask themselves now to what destiny they are leading the German people.

" Our conscience is clear. Our memory is long, and our determination is unshaken.

" Let there be no mistake about this. Our determination to see this war through to the end is unshaken. We must make it clear to the Nazi leaders, and if we can to the German people, that this country, as the Prime Minister said, has not gone to war about the fate of a far-away city in a foreign land. We have decided to fight to show that aggression does not pay, and the German people must realize that this country means to go on fighting until that goal is reached. . ."

General Smuts in a message to the people of South Africa :

" Germany's policy of force extends to her former colonies. The oldest and the foremost of these is South-West Africa. This constitutes a threatening danger to the Union. If she remains neutral, South Africa cannot expect the help of other Powers, including Great Britain, when she is attacked over a Mandate which has 20,000 Afrikaners among its population. It would be a breach of faith to leave these people to the danger of falling under such a hell as the Nazi regime.

" Moreover, this is no time for displaying our separateness from the Commonwealth, which is our best friend and customer. In taking sides against Germany the Union is also participating in a struggle which touches deeply the basis of Christian values and our most valued political and civic rights."

Tuesday, September 12

Second message from the Independent Socialists of Germany to the British Independent Labour Party, smuggled through a neutral country :

" The Gestapo, the German secret service, is now in control over the workers in Germany. The fortifications workers, who have been forced to leave their homes and their families, are watched by the Gestapo. Storm troopers and blackshirts see that no revolutionary word is spoken. Guards drive them to work for long hours without a chance of rest.

" This is a pamphlet which our fortifications workers are spreading in spite of the persecution of the Gestapo ; in spite of the terror of Hitler's storm troopers :

" ' Comrades of the —— ; fight from canteen to canteen. Fight against Hitler's policy of aggression and war. We want shorter hours and more food. Give us butter and bacon, eggs and fat. We do not want war. We want to return to our families.'

" In spite of the terror of the Gestapo, the illegal fight goes on in Germany. Starved, exhausted, and persecuted, we and our comrades will win the battle for Socialism, inside or outside the frontier, in peace or in war, in liberty or in prison. The fight goes on to the last breath."

Wednesday, September 13

Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons :

" The people of France and the people of Great Britain are alike determined not only to honour to the full their obligations to Poland, but also to put an end once for all to the intolerable strain of living under the perpetual threat of Nazi aggression. Our French allies are, like ourselves, a peace-loving people, but they are no less convinced than are we that there can be no peace until the menace of Hitlerism has been finally removed. *Il faut en finir.*"

Thursday, September 14

Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons :

" His Majesty's Government have noted this announcement [the German decision to bomb open towns], which on the face of it is in flat contradiction of the German Chancellor's recent statement to the Reichstag when he disclaimed any desire to make war on women and children.

" The restrictions we—like the French—have imposed upon the operations of our own Forces were based upon the condition of similar restraint being observed by our opponents, and H.M. Government must, of course, hold themselves free, if such restraint is not in fact observed, to take such action as they may deem appropriate.

" But I wish to add that, whatever be the length to which others may go, H.M. Government will never resort to deliberate attack on women, children and other civilians for purposes of mere terrorism.

Monday, September 18

Rt. Hon. A. Greenwood in a message to the Labour Party :

I realize to the full the feelings of members of the Labour Movement about yesterday's news.

The U.S.S.R. has invaded Poland. She has done so on grounds which cannot be justified and which have been used previously by Hitler as excuses for his monstrous outrages.

No one can foretell what may happen next. It is idle to speculate, but what we must do is to face realities. The new situation, however it may develop, will gravely increase our difficulties.

It is folly to pretend otherwise. The struggle will be sterner, but whatever may befall cannot alter the issue by one iota.

The British working-class Movement has adopted a definite and unalterable attitude against aggression wherever and by whomsoever it is committed.

It has accepted the challenge thrown out by Germany. It will not now turn its back on the Polish people who are the latest victims of aggression, alas, on two fronts.

However the forces of the world may be aligned in the immediate future, the spirit of those who stand unflinchingly for freedom will be victorious.

Therefore I say, do not let base passions get the better of steady judgement.

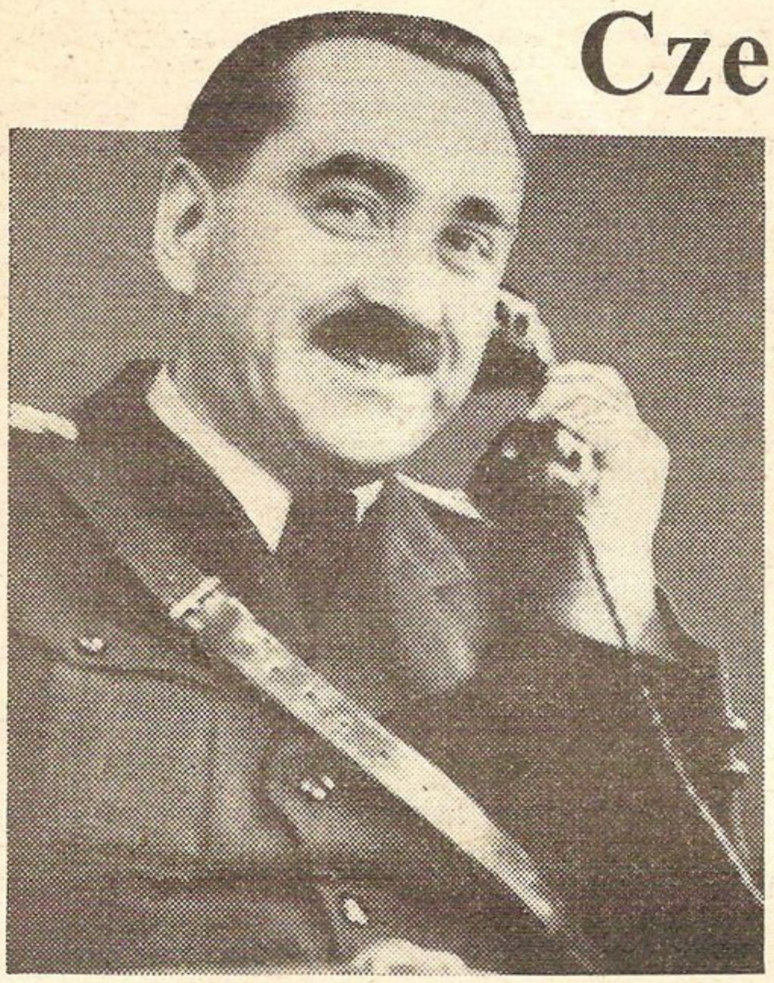
Do not let hatred obscure our minds and deflect us for one moment from the greatest task in the history of mankind—the final downfall of overlordism, dictatorship and tyranny. It may be that in the ebb and flow of war Poland will for a time be wiped off the map of Europe, but there will be a glorious resurrection.

Labour says to the Poles, therefore, bitter and tragic though your struggle may be, we will not desert you. We cannot desert the basic principle of our Movement without being traitors to ourselves.

We shall never be guilty of treachery. Loyalty to a cause is in every fibre of our being. Our message of hope to Poland is that in the days to come she will stand as an imperishable monument to steadfastness and faith in freedom when dictatorships have been swept from the face of the earth.

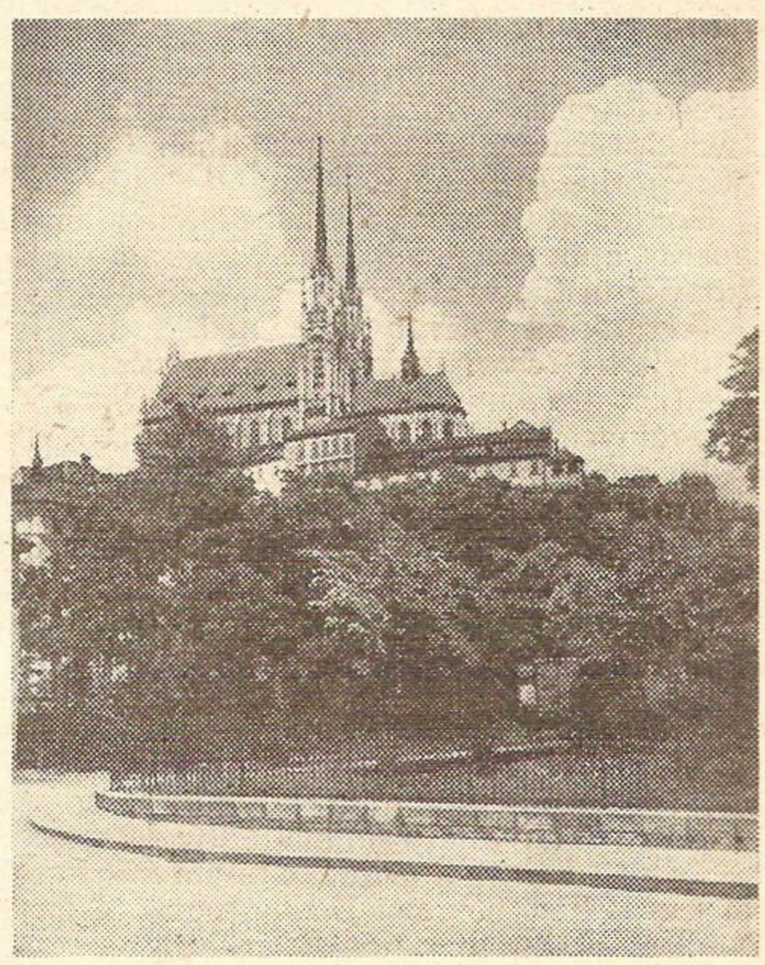
With Poland's rise from the ashes of the war in full-fledged freedom there will also come freedom for other peoples now dwelling in the dark shadows of cruelty and oppression.

Czechs Raise Standard of Revolt

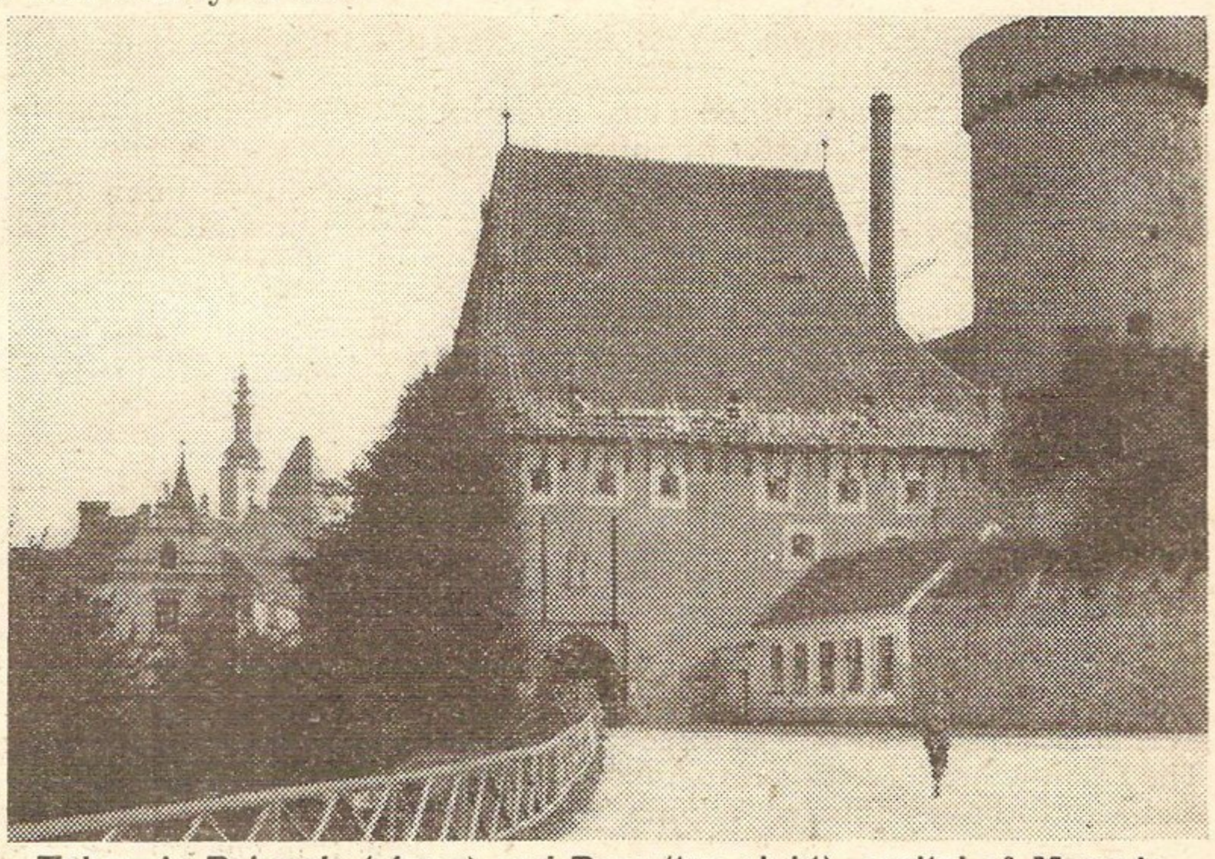


Dr. Karl Sidor, leader of a small independent force which has been maintaining guerilla warfare against the Nazis in the Slovak mountains.

"PROTECTED" by the Nazi Reich since the spring of 1939, Czecho-Slovakia has become ever more restive under alien domination. With the military occupation of the country consequent upon the invasion of Poland, the temper of the Czechs was tried to breaking-point, and on Sunday, September 17, a revolutionary movement broke out. From Bohemia and Moravia the revolt spread to Slovakia, and despite the most ruthless measures taken by the army of occupation the fight of the oppressed peoples, driven to desperation, went on with determination and courage. Thousands of arrests were made, and hundreds of demonstrators and insurgents were shot. Still the fight went on, and it became clear even to the Nazis that the rising, though premature, symbolized a nation's determination to win liberty or die.



One of the cities of the former Czecho-Slovakia in which the revolutionary movement broke out in September, 1939, was Pilsen. Famed for its breweries, it is also the site of the Skoda great armament works (above).



Tabor, in Bohemia (above), and Brno (top right), capital of Moravia, are two of the towns mentioned as the scene of revolt against the Nazi suzerain. The map on left shows these and other centres affected.

As soon as war broke out between France and Germany the very large Czech colony in the Republic rallied as one man to the cause of freedom. Crowds of young men flocked to the Czecho-Slovak Legation in Paris (below) with a view to enlisting in the Czech legion then being formed. For though the fight be on the Rhine, Czecho-Slovakia's ultimate liberty is one of the causes at stake.

Photos, Associated Press, E.N.A., Wide World

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Monday, September 18

Soviet and German troops met near Brest-Litovsk. In a joint communiqué the two Governments announced their intention of restoring order in Poland.

Soviet troops also reached Vilna in the north and occupied the Rumano-Polish frontier in the south.

Attack on Warsaw resumed.

Polish Government having crossed the frontier into Rumania, together with numberless refugees, the Rumanian frontier closed.

Japanese Press reports from Rome were to the effect that Hitler was bringing pressure to bear on Russia to abandon her support of China.

French troops advanced within three miles of Saarbruecken and Zweibruecken.

British **Aircraft Carrier "Courageous"** was sunk by an enemy submarine on the night of September 17, with the loss of 518 members of her crew. The submarine was believed to have been sunk later by destroyers.

Two **R.A.F. flying-boats** rescued the crew of the British steamer "Kensington Court," sunk by a U-boat in the Atlantic.

The **Duke of Windsor** assumed the rank of Major-General on taking up a Staff appointment abroad.

Lord Camrose appointed chief assistant to Lord Macmillan, Minister of Information.

Tuesday, September 19

Soviet troops occupied Vilna, advanced beyond Brest-Litovsk, and, in the South, reached the Hungarian frontier.

Hitler entered Danzig at noon, and later broadcast a speech defending his action in Poland and his policy towards Russia.

On the **Western Front,** German attacks between the district east of the Moselle and the region of Bitsch were repulsed.

Wednesday, September 20

Fierce fighting west of Warsaw in what the Germans termed a **battle of extermination.** They claimed to have taken 105,000 prisoners, and also to have captured Gdynia.

The **Soviet** army reached Lwow, said to have been conceded to them by Germany.

A **revolt in Czecho-Slovakia,** which first broke out on Sunday, continued to spread in spite of ruthless repressive measures. Mass executions were reported.

The **French Council of Ministers** met and approved the "military, economic and financial measures for pursuing the conduct of the War until final victory."

On the **Western Front** a period of comparative calm was reported.

H.M.S. "Kittiwake" struck a mine in the English Channel. Five members of the crew were missing, believed killed, and two injured.

In the House of Commons **Mr. Chamberlain** made the third of his weekly reviews of the War situation.

The **Canadian Cabinet** decided to raise immediately an expeditionary force of 20,000 for service overseas.

Australia offered to Britain the complete personnel of four bomber squadrons and two squadrons of two-seater fighting 'planes.

Contraband goods to the value of £500,000 were reported to have been intercepted on their way to Germany during the week ending September 16.

Details of the **private fortunes,** totalling over £3,000,000, accumulated abroad by seven Nazi leaders, were published by leading New York papers.

Thursday, September 21

M. Calinescu, Rumanian Prime Minister, was assassinated in Bucharest by members of the Iron Guard. General George Angesecanu appointed to succeed him.

President Roosevelt addressed Congress on the Neutrality Statutes, urging the repeal of the arms embargo.

The **Poles** continued to resist in Warsaw, Modlin and other areas, despite ruthless bombing attacks.

Germany claimed that the southern Polish army had surrendered.

On the **Western Front** there was an increase of air activity by both the French and British.

THE POETS & THE WAR

1

1939

By HUMBERT WOLFE

It darkens. In the marsh the Goth and Vandal
Have set their camp-fires burning. England waits,
Half-hushed, the loud abominable scandal
of death that flies by night. Hell's at the gates.

Who mans the gate? Already the dreadful hand
Has loosed the bolt: the battle-flags unfurled
Begin to taint the wind. Answer, who stand
To make their breast the rampart of the world?

Who stands in the gate? What answer, Englishmen?
We answer, waiting not on how or why,
"We are here, freedom. Grant us once again
The will to suffer, and the right to die."

The Observer.

The British Government set up a Council of ten members to organize the **supply of munitions.**

Diplomatic exchanges preceding the outbreak of war were recorded and issued in a Government Blue Book.

Friday, September 22

Warsaw still holding out.

General von Fritsch, former Commander-in-Chief of the German Army, killed in action outside Warsaw.

That the **German army** has now lost 150,000 men was maintained by M. Giradoux, French Commissioner-General for Information, in a broadcast from Paris.

Reports from the **Western Front** stated that French detachments had reached the outskirts of Zweibruecken, in the Siegfried Line.

Steamer **"Arkleside"** reported sunk by U-boat.

A **Grimsby trawler** was reported to have sunk by accident an enemy submarine for which two British warships were searching.

The **assassins** of the Rumanian Prime Minister, and many other members of the Iron Guard, were executed in Bucharest.

The **Allied Supreme War Council** met "somewhere in Sussex."

Saturday, September 23

Polish troops still resisted desperately near Modlin, north-west of Warsaw, and in the capital itself. In South-East Poland the Germans claimed to have captured Lwow.

German High Command announced that 450,000 Polish prisoners had been taken to date, and 800 aeroplanes destroyed or captured.

Mussolini, in a speech to Fascist leaders at Rome, declared that the moment had come to cease hostilities, since Poland was now liquidated and Europe not yet effectively at war.

Two **Finnish steamers,** "Martti-Ragnar" and "Walma," sunk by U-boats.

Sunday, September 24

Bombardment of Warsaw continued incessantly. German troops claimed to have crossed the Vistula between Modlin and Warsaw, thus cutting off the latter.

On the **Western Front** local attacks by the enemy were repulsed. Several successful air actions were fought.

It was stated that the **British Expeditionary Force** in France was still moving up to its positions preparatory to going into action.

Swedish steamer "Gertrud Blatt" sunk by German submarine.

British cargo boat "Hazelside" was sunk without warning during the night by an enemy submarine. Twenty three of the crew were picked up six hours later by a fishing boat, but eleven were reported missing.

Oil wells at Drohobycz, centre of the Galician oilfields, were taken over by Soviet troops.

It is Said That . . .

New York police are making a minute survey of cellars in the city's office buildings for possible use in air raids.

A rumour current in Paris was to the effect that the ex-Chancellor of Austria, Dr. Schuschnigg, has been shot.

Gramophone records of pledges given by Hitler in his public speeches have been broadcast from France—and jammed by the Germans!

Hitler's protective squadron in his flights to the Front consists of one saloon aeroplane, five transport 'planes, 15 chasers, 18 scouts, and one refuelling 'plane.

("*Freedom*" *Station Broadcast.*)

One result of petrol rationing is that Mayfair fashion houses are designing cycling skirts for their patrons.

Of thirty-four "Hitlers" in a lunatic asylum in the Saar district, only twelve maintained this identity when evacuated.

Handbags designed to hold a miniature first-aid kit, tiny pocket torch, powder, lipstick, and gas mask, are selling in Paris.

A caravan of Russian tanks invading Poland announced to cheering crowds: "We have come to fight the Germans."

Three German tanks were caught unawares by Polish women, who drenched them with petrol and set them alight.

In one Polish village whose inhabitants, it was alleged, had fired on the Germans, every twelfth woman, child and old man was shot.

Marlene Dietrich has failed to get her parents out of Germany. Her father, a Prussian officer in the last war, now lives in retirement in Potsdam.

The German government has appealed for nettles as these are "urgently needed as an important textile material."

The weekly ration of meat in Germany is now a fraction over one pound.

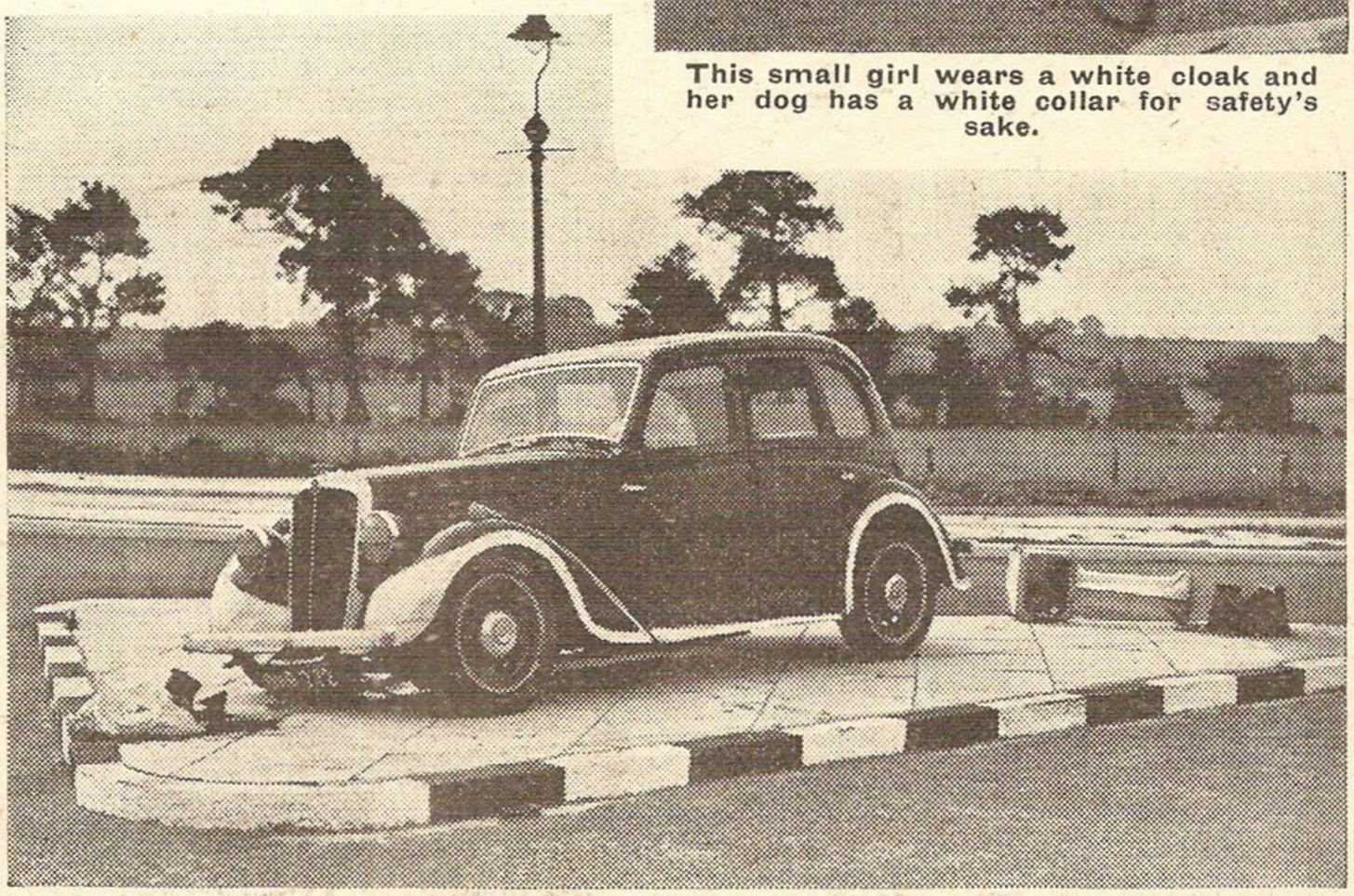
The coffee ration has again been cut; it is now only 20 grammes (little more than half an ounce) per person per week.

Making the Best of a Black Business

AFTER many hundreds of years Great Britain once more knows a curfew, for at sunset, nearly an hour before it is completely dark, all lights must be put out or screened, while street lamps are never lit. Even in remote country places this regulation has been strictly observed, though in small towns and villages not usually well lit the difficulties of pedestrians and motorists have been far less than in the big cities. Such safety devices as those seen in three of these photographs have helped to make the path of the pedestrian safe.

All possible precautions have been taken by this man and woman, even to white stripes round an umbrella.

This small girl wears a white cloak and her dog has a white collar for safety's sake.

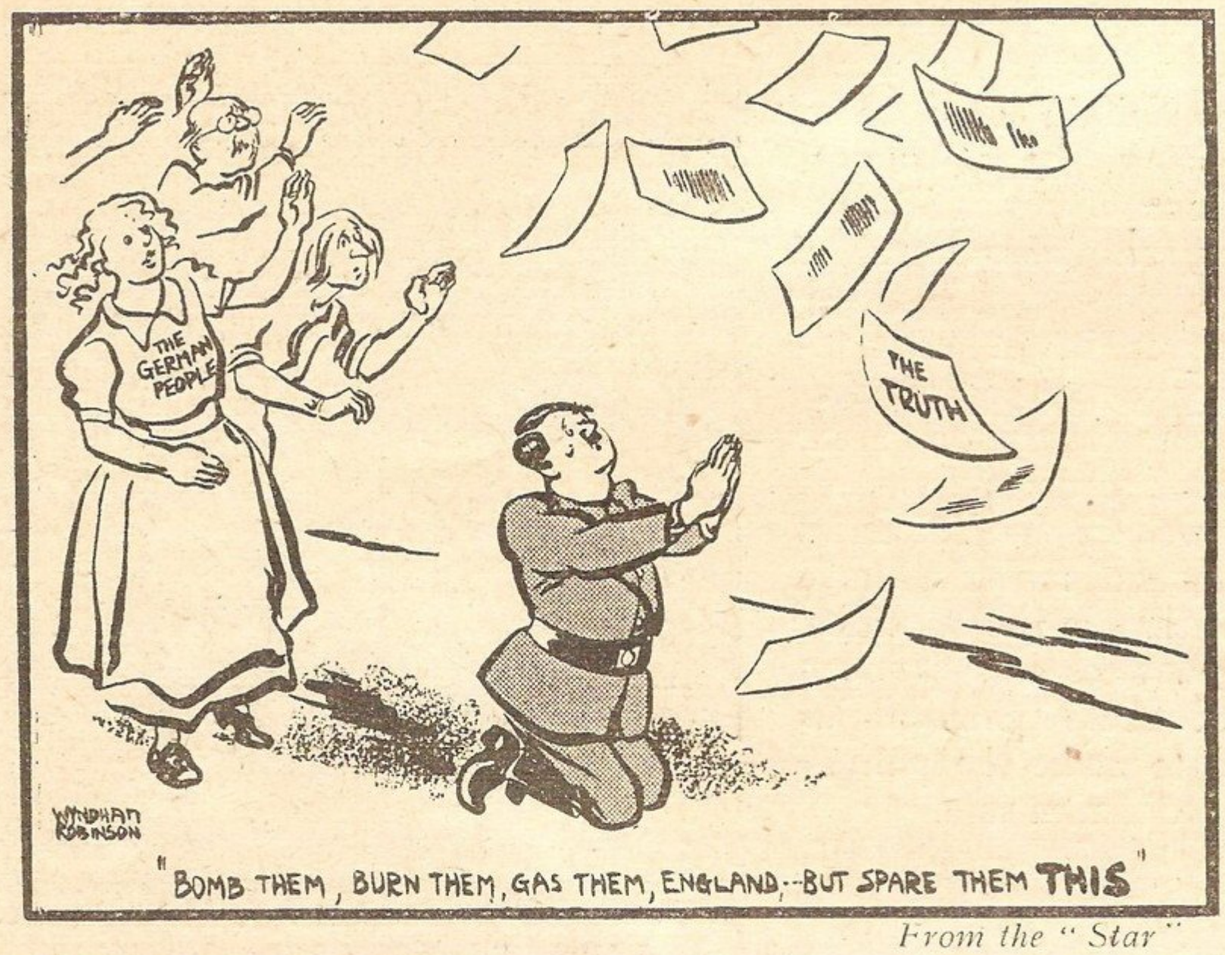


As a result of the black-out, some of the devices so useful in peacetime in making the roads safe have now become a positive danger. This car was found abandoned the morning after colliding with the posts of a "roundabout" island.

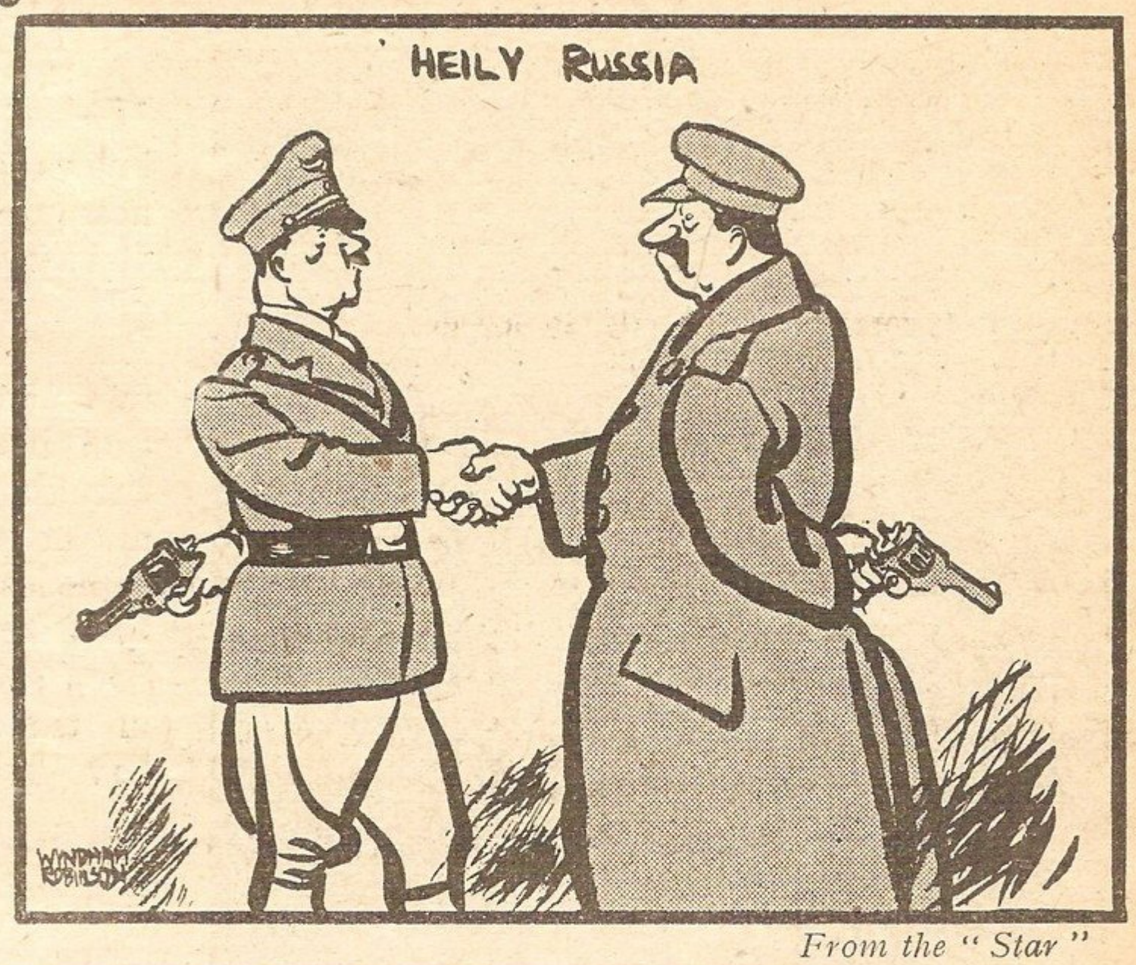
Since the outbreak of war Great Britain, France, Poland, and Germany have had a complete black-out every night in their capitals and over large areas in the provinces. Left, is one of the principal streets of Berlin photographed at dusk, when usually it would be a blaze of light. Right, a woman in South London makes safety doubly sure by wearing a white coat and carrying a newspaper.

Photos, Sport & General, Fox Photos, and Central Press

Cartoon Commentary on the Conflict



From the "Star"



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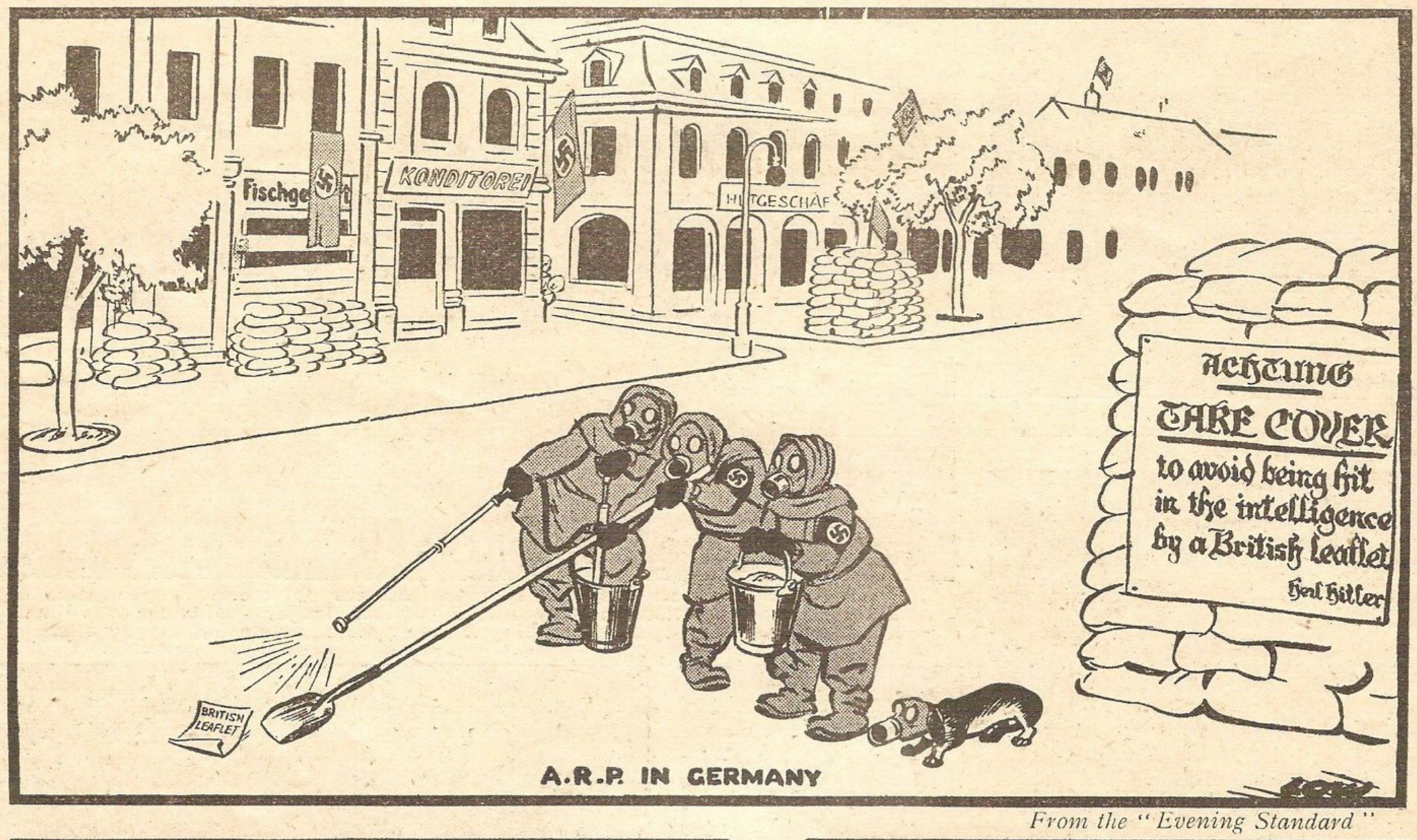
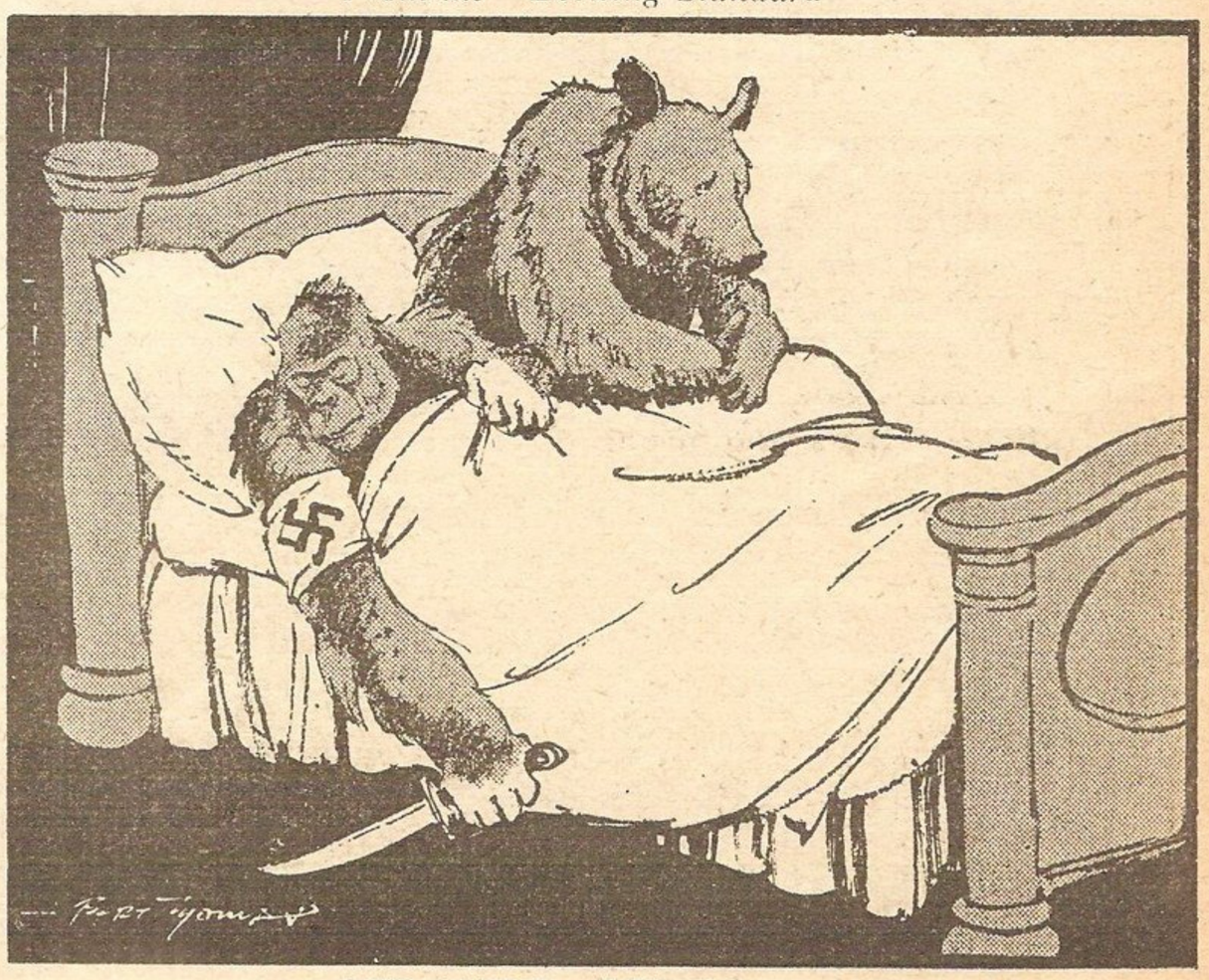


From the "Evening Standard"

THE CARTOON is of the highest value in graphically registering public opinion on events of urgent interest. With a swiftness far beyond the pen of the pithiest writer, the pencil of a gifted cartoonist can tell a whole story and comment upon it so that it passes to the mind of the beholder in a flash. From time to time we intend to offer our readers a choice from the most striking cartoons of the day.

GERMAN MURDERER: It's all right—he's dead now!
RUSSIAN BODYSNATCHER: Then I shall rob the corpse—fearlessly!
From the "Daily Mirror"



STRANGE BEDFELLOWS
From the "Evening News"

ODD FACTS ABOUT THE WAR

Worth Noting Today and Re-reading in Years to Come

Goering on Slimming

"Of meat it can be said that we eat too much of it in any case. Statistics show that Germans now eat more meat than before the war, and so we can get out of the habit. With less meat we shall get thinner and so need less material for a suit."

(From speech broadcast September 9)

Venus in Sandbags

Mountains of sandbags now surround the famous Venus de Milo statue which is wrapped up in sacking in a safe place. With it are many other valuable statues which cannot be transported out of Paris.

Help from India

The Maharaja of Kashmir has informed the Viceroy of India that he is ready to place at his disposal, immediately, two infantry battalions and one mountain battery, and that he was ready to raise three more battalions if necessary. The Maharaja of Indore has given £38,000 to Britain's war expenses.

Hitler's Face to the Wall

The fact that Germans in South-West Africa, the former German possession, are not supporters of Hitler was shown when the United Party Congress met at Windhoek, the former capital. A photograph of Hitler in the hall, which belongs to Germans, had been turned with its face to the wall. A photograph of Hindenburg had not been touched.

Overheard by Rosita Forbes

Miss Rosita Forbes crossed the Mediterranean from North Africa the day before hostilities broke out. Among a number of remarks overheard during the voyage were the following:

Italian to German: "Why didn't you wait to visit Tunis until it was ours?"

German (aged about 30): "I wanted to see it before I died."

A German woman: "Where can I go? My country is in the hands of a lunatic."

Safeguarding Radium

Nearly the entire stock of radium which Britain possesses—between 70 and 80 grammes—is now buried at least 50 feet underground in case of air raids.

Hammer and Swastika

A bronze plaque, engraved on one side with the swastika and on the other with the hammer and sickle of the Soviets, and bearing the date 1934, was among numerous objects seized by the police at the home of a German newspaper correspondent in Paris, after his departure before the outbreak of war.

"Wardens' Feet"

A.R.P. workers and members of the Forces who are suffering from the new war malady known as "Wardens' Feet" can obtain free treatment at a foot hospital in Westminster.

First Aid from U.S.A.

Dr. Carnes Weeks, one of the most famous surgeons in the United States, has collected funds to provide a mobile surgical unit for war work in this country. It will be manned by four surgeons, four nurses, and two technicians as operating teams. And it will be fully equipped as an ambulance, with an operating theatre and X-ray apparatus.

(*Evening Standard*, September 11)

Refugees Dig Trenches

German refugees have dug trenches at St. Leonard's Rectory, Hastings, as an air-raid shelter for crippled women evacuees.

Floodlit Air Signs

Denmark is taking measures to prevent mistakes by foreign aircraft. The nationality of her territory is to be indicated clearly to airmen flying overhead, and the indications will be floodlit at night.

Russia's Fighting Men

A reliable estimate puts the number of Russian soldiers now under arms or on their way to their garrisons at over 4,000,000, including navy and coast defence units. More than two-thirds of them are in European Russia.

Home Delivery

One of the R.A.F. pilots dropping leaflets over Germany returned to headquarters four hours after he was due. His C.O. asked him why. "Well, sir," he answered, "all was so quiet that I went down and pushed them under the doors."

("Peterborough" in *Daily Telegraph*)

Polish Naval Aid

The British fleet has been joined by three destroyers of the Polish navy, which have proved very efficient.

Won't Fight for Germany

The number of Slovak deserters who have entered Hungary to avoid serving with the German army is now estimated at 10,000. Most have been interned.

Vive L'Entente. "I Think Our Fathers Fought Together." From the drawing by E. H. Shepard.

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch"

Veteran Shelters

The A.R.P. shelters at Folkestone include two Martello towers built over 100 years ago to guard against threatened invasion by Napoleon's armies.

Anti-British Signs Removed

Posters placed on Roman walls, relics of Sanctions and anti-English feeling, containing references to "English pigs" and similar epithets, have been removed from Trastevere, San Lorenzo and other populous districts by an army of cleaners.

They Smiled at Goering's Talk

A traveller through Germany reports that Munich is very gloomy, and that he saw the throng smiling only when Field-Marshal Goering broadcast. Banks were closed last Saturday. At Munich Station he was paid three marks for two dollars.

For Children Only!

It is reported in Copenhagen that people in Western Germany have been officially told that anyone caught reading the pamphlets dropped by the R.A.F. will be immediately imprisoned.

Serious cases will be punishable by death.

Citizens are not even allowed to pick up the pamphlets. Only children under 10 and police are allowed to do this.

Middle-aged Germans Called Up

It is reported that Germans from 41 to 55 years have already been drafted into the Landwehr, states the Ministry of Information, and that they are complaining about being called up before many younger men.

Through German Eyes

Throughout the German wireless bulletins the British Ministry of Information is described as the *Weltluegenzentral* (World Lies Centre).

The Wilderness

The area between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines was turned into a No-Man's-Land immediately the War started. The villages are dead and empty, and crops are rotting in the fields. Cattle roamed the pastureland for the first few days and then wandered off.

More Blame on Britain

Many people in Stockholm have received mimeographed extracts from the German White Book and translations of leading articles from Berlin newspapers blaming Great Britain for the War.

Entente Cordiale

As a friendly gesture to their French comrades-in-arms, Bristol Channel coal trimmers have agreed to accept 2s. 6d. an hour for week-end overtime in handling coal destined for the French navy. It had been previously agreed that they should receive 3s. 6d. an hour.

Cheap Distinction

The Iron Cross, the highest German war decoration, is shortly to be awarded to 40,000 soldiers. By the end of the first year of the Great War, 340,000 had been issued; by 1918, so many millions had been given away that they were being sold in Berlin for a halfpenny each.

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October 7th, 1939. S.G.

Our War Album.—4. The British War Chief

Viscount Gort Previously Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Viscount Gort, V.C., was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force on September 4. He won his V.C. at Cambrai in September, 1918.